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SCIENCE by fiat is no new thing. Nor, we imagine, is science by legislation. Such things have long been associated in our minds with the dark ages. It is somewhat of a shock, nevertheless, to be assured on excellent scientific authority that the thing is still going on—that all we learned in our school-books about, for instance, the effect of alcohol on human tissue has no real basis in scientific fact; that such teaching is, in fact, science by legislation.

SUCH, nevertheless, appears to be the truth, so Dr. Clendening states in his article in this issue. Alcohol doesn't shorten human life, no matter what may be its effect on the human soul.

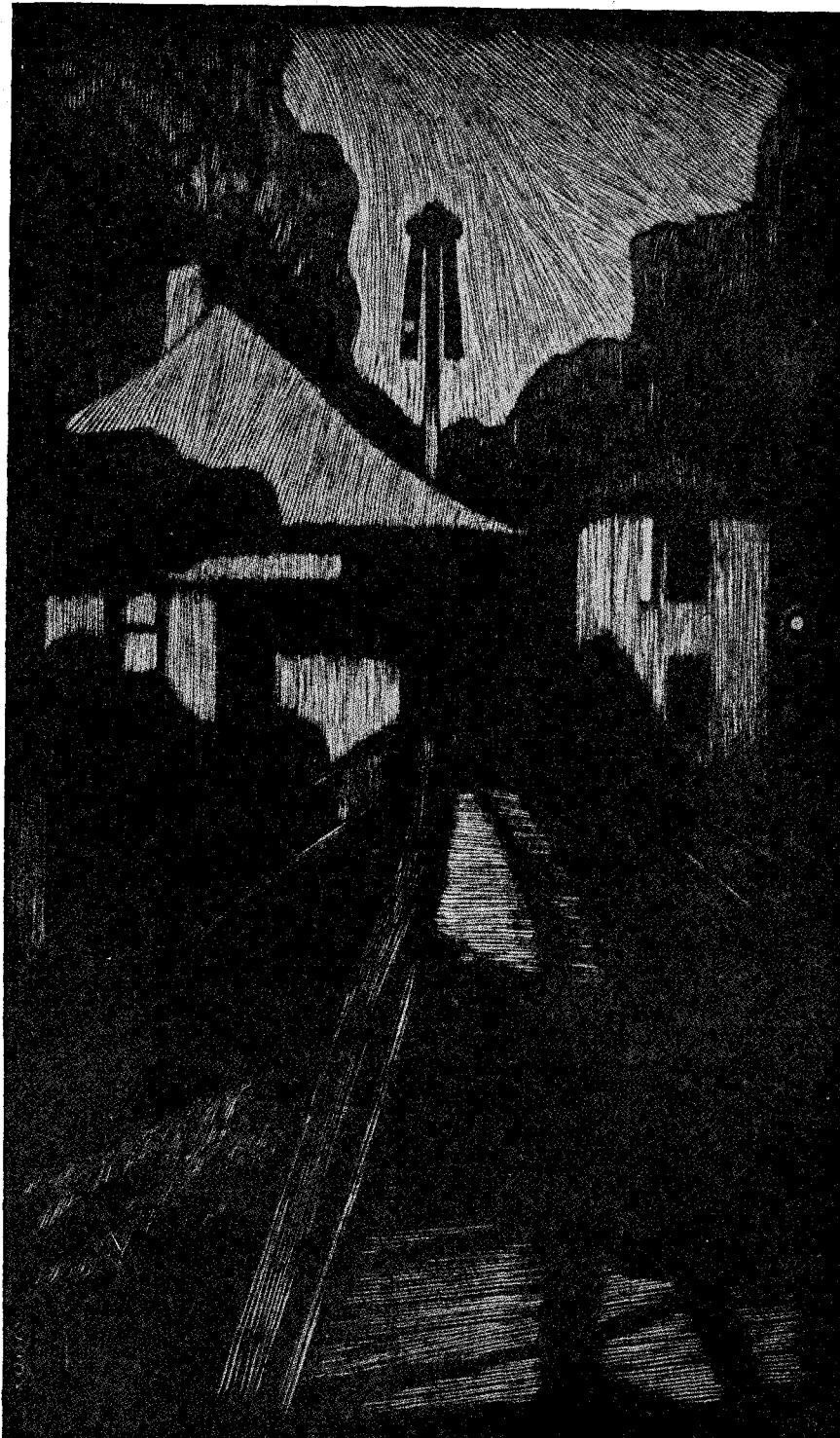
DOES this revelation constitute an argument for or against prohibition? We are inclined to think not. What it does constitute, however, is a most imposing exhibit of how far social reformers can stray in their desire to ameliorate society. It shows the danger democracy runs once "causes" lay their hands on our educational machinery. For, if it was alcohol yesterday, it may be public utilities today, and tomorrow, what?

MEANWHILE, what has become of our once sincere attempt to teach temperance and moderation in all things, alcohol included? Do we stand committed now to whisky on one side or prohibition on the other, with temperance just a vanished dream? Certainly, it should not be forgotten that drink can be obtained nowadays in speak-easies or clubs or from bootleggers, precisely as once it could in saloons or liquor stores. Its use or abuse is just as much a problem. The need for temperance is even greater than ever.

BUT who voices it? Not the champions of prohibition, whose battle-cries come to our notice. They seem to be too busy changing the Nation's habits by legislation. Not from the wets, either. They are too busy attacking the Prohibition Law and trying to discover some way to alter it.

IN our view, we should be much closer to a solution if the wets, instead of talking about light wines and beers, devoted themselves to devising practical methods for regulating the abuses of alcohol; if meanwhile the drys spent their time teaching the value of temperance and moderation, instead of attacking the wets. Merely to declare by fiat what is scientific truth, and then from such conclusions to regulate personal habits by legislation, will prove, we think, a delusion.

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From "The Woodcut of To-Day at Home and Abroad," published by The Studio Ltd.

THE RAILROAD SLEEPING

A woodcut by Howard N. Cook

Courtesy Messrs. E. Weyhe & Co.

Alcohol and Human Life

By LOGAN CLENDENING

IT is several years now since my mind was suddenly turned entirely around on this subject. We seldom realize how blandly we ignore observations which do not advance some preconceived notion which we instinctively support. The most brilliant of our dramatic critics, Mr. Nathan, told us once that the difference between the American and the Russian playwright was that if they were both to visit a cemetery the Russian would see only the tombstones and the American only the flowers. For a long period I held the classic view of the relation of alcohol to human health. The wax models of the anti-alcohol society worked their expected horrors on my youthful mind. Then one day an older practitioner began to point out a number of people we both knew who had, in spite of rather excessive indulgence in alcohol, remained in perfect health and acquired advanced years. He also recited the case histories of certain people notably abstemious during their whole lives who died comparatively young of degenerative diseases often ascribed to excess. Since that conversation I have been a converted and changed man.

When, therefore, not long ago I was inveigled into writing a short account of human anatomy and physiology, my evil genius suggested to me that it would be well to refer to the harmlessness of a moderate use of alcoholic beverages upon the tissues of the human body and to the entirely neutral influence of their consumption upon the span of human life. For allowing myself to be enticed into this, to me, quite innocent set of statements I have been most roundly abused, not only in print, but also by letter and in private conversation. My very integrity has been impugned. Men have said to me: "Of course that was startling, and made people discuss you; but you don't really believe such stuff—we know that."

I confess I have been somewhat surprised at all of this for a number of reasons. In the first place, I find myself in the position of an old friend who read a paper at a medical society and was afterwards complimented by some one for the soundness of the doctrines therein expressed. "They should be sound," he replied, "I stole them from the very best authorities." I too stole my ideas from

The author has been finding out what happens to the truth seeker when he puts out an observation that contradicts emotional preconceptions. Dr. Clendening has written a book, "The Human Body," that manages to be as amusing as it is sound. He lives in Kansas City, Missouri.

the very best authority: in this case Dr. Raymond Pearl, Director of the Institute for Biological Research of the Johns Hopkins University. I even performed the customary honor among thieves in the literary world of mentioning his name and referring to the book and page where his researches might be examined in detail. It really seems to be a little bit unfair; Dr. Pearl continues to be loaded with honors and emoluments, while I am heaped with epithets and vituperation. It is as if Dr. Pearl were the manager of a side-show and made all the profits, while I am the tinctured gentleman who sticks his head through the hole in the canvas and gets hit with the billiard balls.

But I was surprised also because I had prepared the statements to which objection has been made with an unusual amount of care. My theme was confined to the effect of the moderate ingestion of alcohol upon the human body. I said nothing about its effects upon the soul. I particularly went out of my way to announce that, in my opinion, it totally unfitted a man or woman for good work in whatever field that work was undertaken. I suggested a scoff at the idea, widely current, that Poe and Verlaine did their best work while saturated with brandy and absinthe. And not a few admirers of Poe and brandy and Verlaine and absinthe have rated me roundly for such breach of faith. This even was not the full extent of my circumspection: I acknowledged that alcohol had an undesirable effect upon certain otherwise lovable and industrious characters, causing them to pull out the hair of their wives by the roots, hit their little girls over the heads with gin bottles, and renounce entirely their routine daily attendance at the lumber yards; and I felt called upon to admonish such individuals

to abstain, in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress, from indulgence in the use of alcoholic beverages in any form and to any extent whatsoever.

Furthermore, I distinctly said "moderate." I freely admitted that an immoderate and continuous use of alcohol had seemed to result, according to my experience, in cirrhosis of the liver, polyneuritis, ventricular extrasystoles, and delirium tremens. Having gone so far, it did appear to me that I might be allowed peacefully and quietly to discuss the biologic problem I outlined above without being called a liar, a blasphemer, a *poseur*, and an enemy of the Republic.

FOR, you see, what I am proposing is a purely scientific problem. And in order to make the solution of a scientific problem at all likely it is advisable to eliminate as many variables as possible. The significance of this plainly obvious fact is far more widespread than may be at first apparent. A disregard of its principles enters into the attempt to arrive at a conclusion to all the social problems which I ever hear discussed. For instance, at a little luncheon gathering where I am frequently present, one of the members is by profession a psychiatrist. He not infrequently returns to our midst fresh from the pursuit of his dreadful duties, which are to explain to a jury that, in his opinion, a man who has cleft a business associate over the head with a meat ax is mentally somewhat unbalanced. His reappearance immediately provokes an extremely heated argument on the ancient subject of capital punishment, and invariably it may be observed that no two entrants to the debate are talking about the same thing. Of this they are absolutely unaware, and it is for that reason that I venture to mention it. My psychiatrist friend is interested only in the scientific problem presented; he aims to classify his specimen and study the causes of his malady; to hang him would interrupt a beautiful natural experiment. A novelist member appears to agree with the alienist, but he does not agree at all, because he is opposed to hanging the man for the sentimental reason that the soul torture involved revolts all his sensibilities. And a sociologist is moved to discuss the matter upon a totally different basis, which is the effect

No Whispering

IN Presidential campaigns there are enlisted on each side two forces. One is the force of reason, the other the force of prejudice. Reason makes battle through public discussion. Prejudice assassinates in whispers.

The first choice which the American people have to make in the campaign this year is not between candidates but between campaigning methods. Will they make this a campaign of whispers or of open discussion? Which will they trust to guide them to their decision—prejudice or reason?

If the two major parties had selected two unknowns as their respective champions, there would have been little play room for prejudice. But they have chosen men whose renown has been won in active public service and in sometimes bitter controversy. Precisely because they are the strongest candidates that could have been chosen they are most open to the shafts that prejudice can let fly from its covert. Not for many campaigns has prejudice had such a chance.

On the one side, prejudice will try to print on the mind of the voter the picture of Al Smith with a cardinal's hat and a tiger's tail. On the other side, prejudice will try to keep sounding in the ears of the voter the cry of "'Ello, 'Erbert 'Oover!"

There is one way—and only one way—to rout the force of prejudice, and that is by bringing every question which it may ask into the open and submitting it to the scrutiny of plain common sense. Refusal to discuss these questions will not prevent them from being asked; it will simply relegate them to the obscurity in which prejudice flourishes. If there is reason to believe that Governor Smith's loyalty to the Roman Catholic Church and to Tammany Hall or that Secretary Hoover's long sojourning in foreign countries is a disqualification for the Presidency, out with it. The relation between Church and State and between a local political organization and the National Government is a legitimate subject for public discussion. So is the effect of foreign experience upon the mind and policies of a possible President. If there lurk in the minds of any considerable number of voters any questions about these or other matters, let them be blurted out.

And if they are blurted out there will be no whispering.

The Feud and the Duello

A GANG leader in an American city leads a precarious existence. There was Frankie Yale, for instance, who was killed a few days ago. As he was driving through a street of Brooklyn, New York, in his Lincoln car, a machine gun opened fire on him, and ended his career. But for the risks he ran he received much money and adulation. He collected some of his money from small places of business that relied on the protection of his "mob," and some of it, it is said, in fees for supplying industrial alcohol to bootleggers; and by being good to the poor he made sure of the adulation. He got jobs for the out-of-work and coal and what-not for the penniless. And he had a fine funeral. At mass said for his soul the multitude overflowed the church and packed the street for four blocks. His body was buried in a silver coffin that cost fifteen thousand dollars.

In free America we have abolished the code duello. But in the crowded cities of Chicago and New York we still maintain the feud. And when a gang leader dies, politicians—

Republican in Chicago, Democratic in New York—honor his memory. It is said that Dion O'Banion had more judges and Senators at his funeral in Chicago; but Frankie Yale had a bigger crowd of people. In the mountains of Kentucky the feudist gets no such send-off to another and perhaps better world as does the feudist in the centers of our urban civilization.

The code duello was hedged about with rules and custom, and accorded the principals in a quarrel at least a sporting chance. If it could be substituted for the feud, there would be some improvement; but it is permanently outlawed, and, besides, would not appeal to the feudist's taste for ambush. The feud, too, is outlawed; but what is outlawry to a feudist? It is the very spice of life. What matters it, whether outlawed or not, so long as it leads to silver coffins and a funeral with sixty cars of flowers and two hundred cars of mourners?

Wars between nations have been likened to duels between individuals. Let us outlaw the war code, it is urged, as we have outlawed the code duello, and we shall get rid of war. Shall we? Or shall we simply substitute the ambush of the feud? If multilateral treaties ever get rid of war, it will be not by abolishing a code, but by developing a public sentiment of the world that will put something better—not worse—in its place.

"Pack Reporting"

TWO great New York newspapers have issued fiats against "pack reporting." This is the system under which the members of a group covering a story exchange information, or even parcel out the work. It is one of the evils of big-city journalism.

The New York "Times" posted a notice on its editorial bulletin board announcing that reporters had repeatedly offered the defense, when demand was made for correction of statements in stories they had written, that they had received the information from other men. "The folly of such a system is obvious," said the notice. "'Times' reporters are not salaried to collect news from other reporters or to contribute their news to other newspapers. Hereafter, every man turning in news, from whatever source he obtains it, will be held personally responsible for such matter."

The executive editor of the "World" promptly followed suit, reiterating, so he asserted, "what has been said countless times."

The multiplication of error, in the manner described, is in truth but one of the evils of herd reporting. Its effect is to level the whole group; the best reporter is no better than the poorest. The custom is a part of a general trend to newspaper standardization. Deprived by the system of any premium on initiative, reporters tend to become indolent and stereotyped. In those places where they are provided with rooms, as at municipal halls and police headquarters and courts and custom-houses, it is the practice even to pass around carbons of stories written by the men assigned to that post.

The practice brought nothing but bad results; that it has been tolerated so long is surprising. The stand that has been taken against it, however, by two of the foremost journals in the United States, gives promise that it will be broken up or abated. If that promise is fulfilled, we shall have a better daily press.

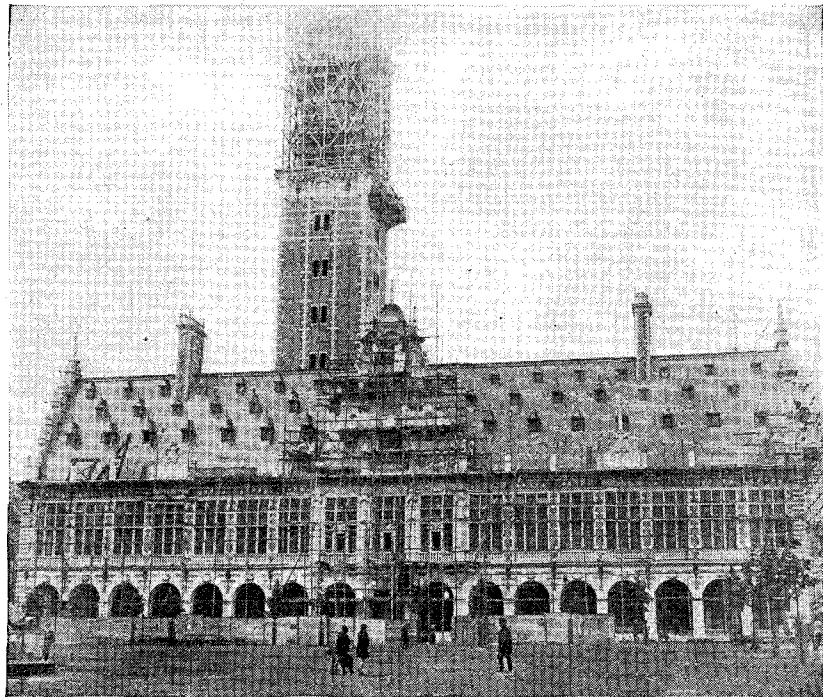
American judge. Consequently, a movement is under way at Geneva to increase the number of judges.

Each nation that is a member of the Court and any nation figuring in the annex to the Treaty of Versailles has a right to nominate two candidates to succeed Judge Moore. And Sweden, together with her nomination of Mr. Hughes, is reported also to have proposed Walter Simons, President of the Supreme Court of Germany. He has been Foreign Minister, and served as temporary President of the Republic before the election of Marshal von Hindenburg. Germany, however, is friendly to the candidacy of Mr. Hughes, who has been visiting Berlin.

Elevation to the bench of the World Court requires an absolute majority of the votes in the Assembly and the Council of the League, in separate sessions. The questions of the successor to Judge Moore and of enlarging the number of judges will come up at the annual meeting of the League Assembly in September.

THE OIL WAR between the Standard Oil and the Royal Dutch corporations has come to an end as suddenly as it began. Its cause was the purchase of Russian petroleum from the Soviet Government by the Standard Oil Company of New York. The Royal Dutch Company protested, on the ground that the oil came from its former properties in Russia, confiscated by the Communists. The Standard Oil Company insisted on its right to buy from the Soviet. Since the oil was used to supply markets in the Near East, the Royal Dutch Company reduced its prices in that area, and soon the two companies were involved in a price-cutting contest—mainly in India. That proved expensive, and they are now reported to have reached an understanding by which the Standard Oil Company reserves its right to buy from the Soviet and the Royal Dutch Company secures recognition of its claim to compensation as the former owner of the oil properties. Price-cutting has been called off—and the brief days of slashing bargain prices for oil to automobile owners in India are over.

DEATH is the sentence of the Soviet Government on eleven engineers convicted of conspiracy against its power in their management of the Donetz coal mines in Russia. That verdict ends the notorious "Mine Trial" in Moscow, that lasted for weeks and resulted in forty-



Wide World

THE REBUILT LOUVAIN LIBRARY

before the mob tore down the uninscribed balcony which was erected by the Rector in place of the one designed by Whitney Warren because there was some objection to the inscription. The scaffolding was also completely wrecked, but the building proper was not touched

eight hours of deliberation by the tribunal before it rendered judgment.

Among the accused—over half a hundred in all—there were three German engineers employed in the mine organization. Possible international complications were avoided when the Court acquitted two of them and freed the other on parole. Of the Russians not condemned to death, a few were paroled and the rest were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

The Soviet authorities accused the technicians of plotting, by interference in the operation of the mines, to cripple and destroy the coal industry of Russia. Nikolai Krylenko, the State Prosecutor, pushed the case against them with vicious vigor, for Communists regarded the whole trial as a class-war demonstration against the middle-class capitalist business mentality, which it is their aim to defeat and eradicate. The conduct of the examinations was a constant drama of human emotions—fear, jealousy, revenge—tragedy only occasionally relieved by farce. Many of the accused were made to convict themselves out of their own mouths. Some convicted their associates in order to keep them from getting off. At one point a stubborn Ukrainian peasant manager, Andrei Kolodub, who stood off all attempts of the Prosecutor to incriminate him by direct questions, was betrayed by the

testimony of his brother and then denounced in a letter written by his son, a member of the League of Communist Youth, who demanded for his father the extreme penalty.

At the end, Krylenko asked for the death sentence for twenty-two prisoners and long-term imprisonment for the others, including the Germans. The verdict of the Court—although it made forfeit the lives of but half the number Krylenko requested and evaded trouble with Germany—recorded the mortal peril that any Russian runs who threatens in any serious way the security of the Soviet power.

THE "FLAPPER BILL" has passed its final reading in the House of Commons and received the assent of the King. Thus the measure giving suffrage to all women in Great Britain over twenty-one years of age becomes a law. Heretofore the voting age for women has been set at thirty years, but now they are on a basis of political equality with their brothers. The new law will add about 5,000,000 citizens to the country's electorate, and swing the balance of the majority over to the women's side—for since the war England has been short of men. But evidently the Conservatives, who pushed the action through, count on the women voters to be instinctively on their side.

expenditures the political matter sent out via the "Congressional Record" at the expense of the taxpayers themselves.

Crime and Politics in Chicago

IN extending Chicago's greetings to Miss Earhart, a Chicago alderman, L. J. Grossman, announced the purpose of giving Chicago a better reputation. "Chicago has rid itself of crooks and bums," he is quoted as saying. "We call it now the safest city in the world. We want other people to call it that. You know 'throw away your hammer and buy a horn.'"

Another method than horn-blowing for improving Chicago's reputation has been adopted by the Chicago Bar Association, which started an investigation of the alliance between politicians and criminals. One grand jury has already reported and has brought in indictments against henchmen of the Republican machine of the Twentieth Ward. Among the abuses which the grand jury lists are the forcible compelling of voters to cast ballots against their will, the voting of fictitious names, the repeating of votes by sending gangs from one polling-place to another, kidnappings, assaults, robbery, and the willful blindness of police to violence. "The alliance of crime and politics," the Grand Jury says, "was manifested to us in the testimony produced before us, and that alliance is always cemented at the primary election by force, frauds, and murder." The Grand Jury recommends that election systems in other cities be studied. The Grand Jury's comments on the police would shock any community not hardened to collusion between lawbreakers and law enforcers.

While the Grand Jury's report was being published, a beer-runner chieftain narrowly escaped assassination. While Chicago is making its effort to clean up and to save its good name, Chicago methods, including assassination by machine guns and the process of bleeding business by the employment of one gang as supposed defense against the operations of another gang, are invading New York. The "racketeer," who has made it dangerous for some business men and their customers to do business except under his dictation, has a rich field in the metropolis. It is suspected that the Brooklyn gang leader, Frankie Uale, or Yale, as he preferred to be called, met his death at the hands of a Chicago gang. Meantime a new grand jury in Chicago has resumed the investigation into the partnership between crime and politics.

An Air Mystery

ALFRED LOEWENSTEIN, of Belgium, international financier, has died as spectacularly as he lived; or so it seems at the moment. Flying from London to the Continent, he disappeared from his private plane while crossing the Channel. His companions in the plane stated that he must have opened an out-



Wide World

Alfred Loewenstein

side door by mistake instead of a wash-room door. The difficulty in opening the outside door has led others to believe that the financier's death was suicide. The legends that have grown up about Loewenstein have led still others to suggest that possibly he disappeared before the plane left England or after it landed in France, and that his disappearance is a prelude to another financial coup. The report of Loewenstein's death had a

serious effect upon the securities in which he was known to be interested.

The Heroine of the Friendship

AMELIA EARHART belongs to that little group of aviators who love flying for its own sake and who are really embarrassed by the popular applause that follows a notable feat. Her reception in New York City and by the press of the country at large shows that she is liked for herself. Her modesty, her eagerness to see that full credit is given to her pilot, Wilmer Stultz, and her mechanic, Louis Gordon ("I was really only baggage," she said over and over again), her frank pleasure in being the first woman to cross the Atlantic by airplane, and her avoidance of advertising, theatrical, or other "show-off" stunts—all mark her as well placed in a plane named Friendship.

Miss Earhart may have been a mere passenger in her latest flight, but she long held the woman's altitude record of 14,000 feet, and she has been handling the controls for ten years or so. Her flying is both sport and recreation, and it fits in quite well with her work in practical sociology, with her reading and study, and with her side-sports of chemistry and languages.

The Flight to Brazil

THE crown for the longest sustained flight now belongs to Italian aviators. Captain Arturo Ferrarin and Major Carlo del Prete on July 5 landed in Brazil after a non-stop flight from Rome. The distance from Rome to Natal, where the plane came to earth, is estimated at 4,475 miles, a great advance over the previous record. The aviators had hopes of continuing to Rio de Janeiro, or even Buenos Aires, but weather conditions on the South American coast were unfavorable.

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES seems to be slated to succeed John Bassett Moore as a judge of the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague. Sweden has nominated him, and the judges from other nations represented in the Court—Brazil, Cuba, Denmark, France, Great Britain, Holland, Italy, Japan, Spain, Switzerland, and the United States—are under-

stood to have agreed to recommend his nomination to their countries. So indirect participation by the United States in the World Court is likely to be continued.

Germany wants to have a judge on the World Court bench—now that she is a member of the League of Nations—and so does Poland. Their desires complicate the matter of electing another



Wide World

TWO MORE FLIERS

Captain Sir George Wilkins and Lieutenant Carl Ben Eielson, who made a successful flight across Arctic regions, arrive on the Macom to receive New York's welcome

are, many of them have proved to be worth salvaging. Bernard Lester, representative in Kansas City of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, is quoted in the New York "Evening Sun" as saying that his company has received orders from the Sheffield Steel Corporation to equip electrically a steel mill to be erected in the vicinity of that metropolis of western Missouri, far from any great natural iron-ore beds. This plant will operate, he says, chiefly on scrap obtained locally. There is so much of this that it is estimated it will supply a large proportion of the local demand for steel products.

"An abandoned automobile has some value as scrap," said Mr. Lester, "but not enough to justify shipping it a considerable distance to a steel center. But if it can be melted down, locally valuable material that otherwise would be wasted is saved and the merchandise made from it does not have to pay long-distance freight rates."

Unlike timber, which replenishes itself,

iron once taken out of the ground cannot be replaced. But, unlike oil, it does not disappear when used. It still remains iron. So our automobiles and other discarded machinery and worn-out iron ware may serve as raw material and to some extent relieve the drain upon our ore deposits. And, incidentally, regions which have no ore may become to a limited extent sources of metallic raw material.

Beryllium, an Old-New Metal

THERE was a time, to recall which one does not need to be past middle age, when aluminum was a laboratory curiosity, highly expensive despite the fact that aluminum in compound form (clay, for example) is one of the most plentiful elements of the earth's crust. Now we are promised a new metal, harder by far than aluminum yet two-thirds lighter. What use shall we make of it?

The metal is beryllium. In the gem stone beryl we are familiar with one compound of this old-new metal, yet there it stubbornly clings to its atoms of

silica and other elements. To pry it loose, reducing it to metallic form, cost as much as \$5,000 a pound as recently as 1922; but now that methods have been found for performing this operation on larger lots, the price has already fallen to \$200 a pound. What practical use could we make of a structural metal costing \$200 a pound? Yankee fashion, one retorts with a question: "When aluminum was made in one-pound lots, did it not cost as much?" It is expected that the price of beryllium will soon fall to \$10 a pound.

What use will it be put to? Again, Yankee fashion: "Who could say thirty years ago what uses aluminum would have?" This newly available metal is already being used in alloys. It takes a high polish and will not tarnish in the air as aluminum does; in fact, it gives aluminum an added resistance to corrosion when alloyed with it, while it makes copper much more rigid. Less than twice as heavy as water, it is harder than glass. It will be surprising if this rather unusual list of qualities does not meet with some great demand.

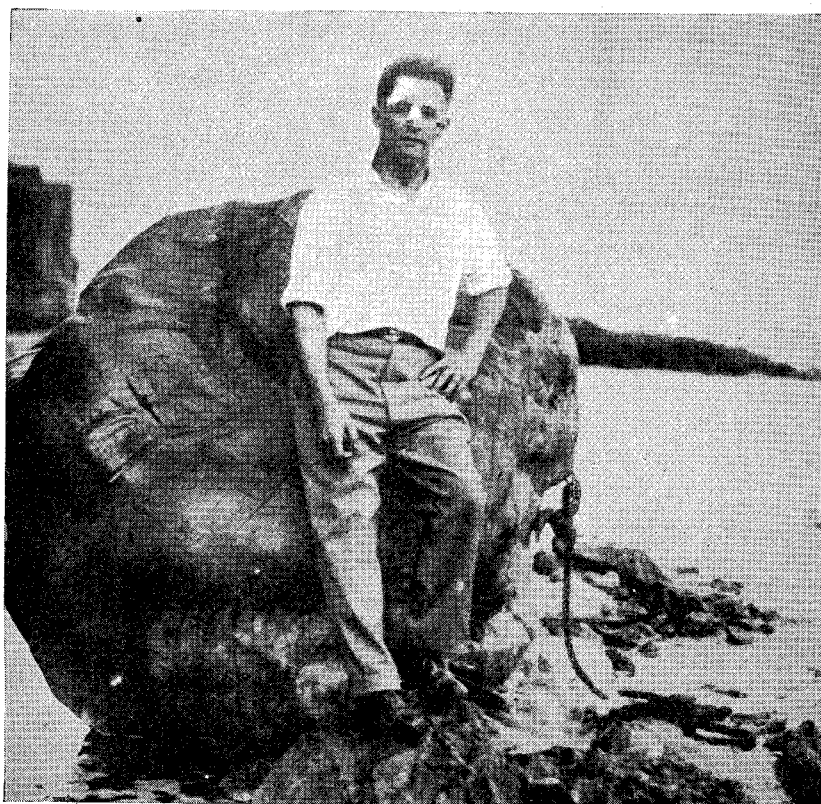
"Extensions"

THE final issues of the "Congressional Record," published after the adjournment of Congress, are in a way interesting reading—at least to the student of government.

These last issues are filled with "extensions" of remarks that were never made on the floor of Congress. The object of these "extensions" is to get political speeches into the record which can later be distributed at Government expense to hungry constituents.

Platforms of the Democratic and Republican Parties, the keynote addresses at the two Conventions, all appear in the records of a Congress which adjourned before the Conventions were held. The extended remarks of individual Congressmen vary greatly in character. One Congressman from a Pennsylvania district (the racial complexion of his district can be easily guessed) gets leave to print a eulogy to the Welsh. Another Congressman from Kentucky boasts at considerable length of the 350,000 pieces of literature and mail that have gone out from his office. Some Congressmen throw in speeches addressed to their own constituents, with only the slightest reference to the august gathering at which the remarks are supposed to be aimed.

We hear much of extravagant expenditures of candidates for office, but we never find included in the totals of these



Wide World

OVER NIAGARA ALIVE

Jean Laussier and the rubber ball in which he made the 200-foot plunge over the Horseshoe Cataract of Niagara Falls

letics of the competitive sort much of the energy that once went into goose-stepping and mass athletics of the purely gymnastic type. We shall have stiff competition. No sooner do we bring out a group of spearmen who can hurl the javelin around 200 feet than a lusty Australian turns up with a throw of 22 feet better.

It is to be presumed that the United States will clean up in the dashes and the field events, and do extremely well in the hurdles. The runs are problematical. We shall find Kornig (German) and Houben (Hollander) disputing the dashes; Nurmi, Wide, Douglass Lowe, and an occasional Swiss and Frenchman showing us the way in some of the runs. There will be a great race in the 400-meter hurdles between Morgan Taylor, who has been breaking the world's record recently, and Lord Burghley, a rugged British timber skimmer. The jumps and the pole vault are unmistakably ours. And, of course, everybody hopes that Joie Ray will bring home the ten thousand meters and the Marathon. But Joie is stubborn, careless, and has yet to prove himself in the Olympics.

Perhaps the brightest feature of the Harvard trials was the work of Lloyd Hahn, the Nebraskan from Boston, not so much because of the times he made as the manner in which he made them.

He has lengthened his stride, learning something from the style of the Finns and Swedes. This is no longer the rather awkward, short-stepping Hahn, but as pretty and finished a long-striding runner as the sport has seen.

California's crew won the right to represent us in the Olympic Regatta at Amsterdam by virtue of a quarter-length victory in a terrific race with Yale on the Schuylkill. It is true that Yale had been through a savage dash against Princeton the day before, and perhaps the men from the west coast were a little the fresher. However, that is the luck of the game, and it is not difficult to believe that California would have won in any case. With three thousand miles behind them, the next three thousand of the journey are quite likely to result in an Olympic championship. There is apparently nothing to fear from the English this time. The Thames Rowing Club victory in the Grand Challenge at Henley was not impressive, and the Leander Club of today is not the Leander Club of pre-war days. The principal danger lies in the entry of the Argonauts of Toronto or the University of Toronto. The latter was the runner-up at the last Olympics. These Canadians know how to row and to race, and they are taught by the famous Joe Wright, greatest of all the Argonauts.

Over Niagara Falls

JEAN LAUSSIER wanted to buy his father and mother a farm for their old age, so he invested his savings in a rubber ball and bounced over Niagara Falls in it.

The ball was made of layers of rubber and canvas on a framework of steel. It was nine feet in diameter and weighed about 700 pounds. Friends lashed Laussier to the framework, a rowboat cast him off near Cayuga Island, about three miles up-stream, and the end of the mad adventure lay with the violent river.

Spectators watched the red ball bounce and bob through the rapids, saw it shoot over the falls about midway between the Canadian shore and Goat Island, then lost sight of it in the smother at the foot of the wall of water.

Fifty minutes after Laussier dropped his moorings at Cayuga Island, "Red" Hill, a riverman, rowed out into the eddies below the falls and towed the red ball ashore. Emerging, Laussier addressed admiring spectators as follows:

"I knew I could do it. It cost me \$7,000 to finance the adventure, but I hope to get it all back, and more besides."

He said he had had a terrific bouncing, but the only bruises he suffered were of a minor nature.

Newspaper editors searched their files and discovered that Laussier is the third to make the trip and live. The first was a woman, Mrs. Anna Edson Taylor, who went over in an oak barrel in 1901. Ten years later Bobby Leach dared it in a steel barrel.

Watching the latter's dangerous but successful venture, Laussier, then a boy, was fired to emulate him. Now, if vaudeville booking agents are alert, maybe his father and mother will get that farm.

Salvaging Abandoned Cars

EVERY city has its automobile graveyard. There cars whose careers have come to an honorable or dishonorable end rest and rust in peace. They yield such parts of their skeletons and inwards as might serve to prolong the life of some other cars. But the mass of their iron and steel is of no more use than so much raw material. And even along roadways may be found here and there abandoned cars that will never again run under their own power or carry another passenger.

If all these cars could be collected in one place, they would constitute a veritable iron mine. So numerous have they become, however, that, scattered as they

forced to live. Restricted districts, prohibitive purchase prices for houses, exorbitant rents, threats, and abuse are only some of the means employed for adding insult to our already sorely injured group.

"When it comes to public parks and playgrounds, leisure and recreation, the Negro often is not even thought of in connection with them. What we are going to do about it I do not know, but this I do know, the fight is on."

One Stone, Two Birds

SENATOR NORRIS, free and independent Republican, let fly a sizable stone the other day at two birds—the "water power trust" and the Electoral College.

The "water power trust."

"There has never been such a stupendous attempt to undermine the foundations of government and civilized society as the secret machinations of this gigantic monopoly. It is poisoning the minds of youth through the secret control of text-books in our public schools. It has reached its deceitful hand into the church and has undertaken to bribe the minister in his pulpit. It has crept in the back door of State universities and colleges to practice deception on the coming generation. It has crept into the midst of such organizations as the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts of America.

"It has, with deception and bribery, undertaken to influence State Legislatures. By the expenditure of huge sums of money it has undertaken to buy seats in the United States Senate and, by the organization of the greatest lobby that has ever been gotten together in our capital city, it has expended untold sums for the control of our National Legislature.

"All this is being exposed by the Federal Trade Commission. This exposure has been going on daily until the corruption disclosed has smelled to high heaven, and yet the great political parties in their National platforms are silent on the subject. . . .

"And what are the progressive-minded people of the United States going to do about it?" Under our system of machine politics, the people are practically helpless. It is easy to say that a third party can be organized, . . . but the machine realizes that this gigantic trust knows that under our system of electing a President such a course is, for practical purposes, an impossibility.

The Electoral College.

"If our worse than useless Electoral College were abolished, and the people were allowed to vote directly for President, it would be very easy and inex-

pensive, when the people are dissatisfied with the nominations made by the major parties, to run an independent candidate for President. All that would be necessary would be to file the required petition in the various States to put the name on the official ballot. This could and would be taken care of locally without the expenditure of any money and without the necessity of any political organization."

Until that is done, Senator Norris predicted, political organizations will pay no attention to the rank and file of political parties or to citizens generally.

Germany's New Government Wins

CHANCELLOR MUELLER, the Social Democratic leader, and his new coalition Cabinet, made up also of Catholic Centrists, Democrats, and leaders of the German and Bavarian People's Parties, have passed their first test in the Reichstag. Upon its declaration of program, the Parliament gave the Government a vote of confidence of 261 to 134. So the criticism of the Nationalist reactionaries was nullified, and a liberal administration received unquestionable sanction of its authority.

Returning to the post he has held before as Chancellor, Mueller made it clear that he would both stand for fulfillment of the Dawes Plan for reparation payments and also follow previous Governments in seeking evacuation of the Rhineland by the French forces of occupation. He plans further an amnesty law for political prisoners and action to reduce income tax burdens on wage-workers. This is in line with the Social Democratic support of the Dawes Plan, subject to conditions that do not bear over-heavily on the laboring class; and it represents the issue on which he is likely to have most trouble with the industrialist opposition of the more conservative parties.

Gobbled Up

THE piles of unsold bonds on the shelves of dealers are said to have been mounting with money rates, but the new 3½ per cent bonds offered by the Treasury have been welcomed. The \$250,000,000 offered for cash were gobbled up and the overflow demand swung towards the Third Liberty Loan Bonds, exchangeable for the new issue, with such force as to push the price up a full point in one day.

This warm response probably means that no more long-term bonds will be offered in exchange for the \$1,225,000,000 worth of Third Libertys now out-

standing. Secretary Mellon announced that if cash and exchange subscriptions exceeded \$500,000,000, there would be no more long-term financing in connection with the Thirds. This total should be exceeded easily.

Many Wall Street diagnosticians pointed to the offering as an indication of easier money in the future, but this interpretation will not hold water. For various reasons, the Treasury may have thought it necessary to make a generous long-term-bond offer, whatever it thought of the future trend of interest rates. If it had felt free to offer either long or short term securities, however, and it had expected easier money, it would certainly have offered short-term issues.

"Poker Face" Wins

WIMBLEDON has no terrors for Helen Wills. In winning the final on the famous center court she disposed of a really high-class opponent in Mlle. De Alvarez. The latter is very much of an all-round athlete as well as a finished tennis player. She has taken honors in swimming, is a hunter and mountain climber of note, and can sail yachts of almost any size. She is also very much at home in the air. Her tennis is improving steadily, and she may be considerably harder to beat another time.

One wonders how so much power ever came to be packed away in the not too large frame of Helen Wills. But the power is there. She was never able to turn it on at the full against Suzanne Lenglen, but then Suzanne was admittedly on a lonely eminence so far as tennis is concerned. Miss Wills is a better tennis player every year. She is just now beginning to lose some of the placidity that gave her the nickname of "Poker Face." She is beginning to get what the English call "devil" into her strokes. Her driving cannot be improved upon, and her court generalship is of the best. There is still before her a long career of victory.

Our Olympic Athletes

THIS country's Selection Committee has announced, as the result of some blazing racing in the Harvard Stadium and other trials, what is probably the strongest track and field team ever to wear the United States shield in the Olympic games. While congratulating ourselves on the remarkable abilities of these eighty-two performers, it is well to remember that other countries—notably Germany—have come along mightily since the war, and have thrown into ath-

families of citizens, second to skilled farmers, third to families of alien residents or unnaturalized immigrants, and last to quota immigrants not included in any of these groups.

Fifty Years a Publisher

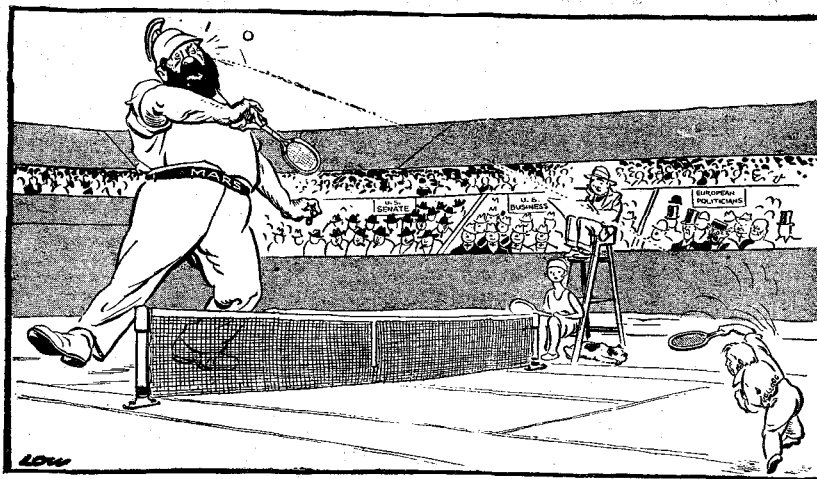
FIFTY years ago Adolph S. Ochs, publisher of the New York "Times," began his career as a newspaper publisher with his ownership of the Chattanooga "Times." In honor of the anniversary, the Publishers' Association of New York City tendered to Mr. Ochs their resolutions of congratulation, in which they said: "In all his endeavors, however difficult the problems presented, he has never sacrificed either his intelligence or his honor, nor put either to test by seeking to tread the border-line of newspaper ethics." They paid tribute to his enterprise, cleanliness, dependability, and good taste.

Lightning, Still a Puzzle

LIGHTNING has been challenged by science. Not that science or engineering expects to prevent it except over limited areas, but rather, if possible, to understand it.

Thus far but little has been learned concerning lightning. More has been learned, however, in the past five years than during the whole time since the famous—and dangerous—experiment of Benjamin Franklin. It has recently become practicable to make lightning artificially on a small scale in the laboratory, and thence to test it. At the present moment electrical engineers from the Westinghouse Company's research laboratories are on the trail of real lightning in a wild spot in the mountains of Tennessee. Equipped with such instruments as oscillographs, osisols, and klydonographs, they expect to make scientific records of every flash that occurs in the vicinity of a high-tension power transmission line that crosses the mountains.

Despite their startling names, these instruments are quite tame and domesticated. The oscillograph has marked agility. If a flash of lightning lasts only a ten-millionth of a second, its magic pointer, consisting of nothing but a beam of electrons, will keep step, leaving a permanent record. The klydonograph records the maximum shock received by the transmission line—and here is the most practical part of the research; lightning sets up terrific surges in transmission lines, like uncontrollable surges of water up and down a bathtub. These do damage; but, as they are not yet wholly understood, they cannot intelli-



From the Evening Standard (London)

David and Goliath (new version)

gently be controlled. There may come a time when man can bid the lightning defiance.

It Takes Money to See Mars

ONE good battleship costs about forty million dollars. For that amount—far less, indeed—man could pry into another kind of secret of Mars, viewing the ruddy planet himself by means of a remarkable chain of five astronomical telescopes planned by Professor G. W. Ritchey, to whose superlative skill astronomy and its friends owe the world's largest existing reflecting telescopes. To spend forty millions on astronomical telescopes might impress many as foolish. Relatives of a deceased millionaire recently succeeded in convincing a Texas jury that a man who willed a million to the science of star-gazing must have been out of his mind. Yet on a referendum, how many would vote a battleship more valuable?

Despite all which has been written about Mars, the largest image we have

ever been able to get of it by means of the very largest telescope is only an eighth of an inch in diameter. Professor Ritchey now proposes a new kind of telescope, twenty feet in diameter, to be situated in Arizona, which would provide an image of Mars a full inch and a half in diameter. Doubtless this would resolve the much-debated canals into their real objectiveness, especially when photographic enlargements of the inch-and-one-half image were made having a diameter of twelve inches. This would amount to an enlargement over the naked-eye power of 14,100 diameters. This might pry open the secrets, not only of Mars, but of the other planets.

They "Pass"

EVERY year five thousand Negroes who show no trace of color augment the ranks of the white population. This on the word of Bishop J. W. Martin, of the American Methodist Episcopal Zion Church. They "pass," say some of their darker brethren, scornfully. They leave their own, Bishop Martin declares, because only as "whites" can Negroes do the work they like best and for which they are best fitted.

"I know the mayor of a certain town," he said recently, "who is a white man now, but as a boy was as good a Negro as the community had, and his brother is to this day a good colored preacher.

"We want the doors of all professions and trades, of all skilled and unskilled labor opened to us, and we want them opened wide enough for us to get in without having to 'pass.' . . . We want no special favors, no extraordinary kindnesses, no granting of handicaps, but just a chance to shoot from taw and keep on shooting until the game is ended.

"How we colored people live in the United States of America depends on where and under what conditions we are



Halladay in the Providence Journal

Can he catch him?

fooled these heretofore able Democratic leaders into saying, 'I am a Democrat, I will vote for Tammany, whisky, and a trick platform.'"

Mrs. Shaver said more in the same vein, characterizing Governor Smith as "a charlatan and a faker."

To these wrathful remarks Mrs. Frank D. Roosevelt replied:

"Mrs. Shaver's attack is well in line with the extreme and frequently untruthful statements made by the little group of women represented by the Women's Democratic Law Enforcement Committee of Baltimore. . . . There are women, of course, who consider the enforcement of the Volstead Law more important than truth or fair play. Apparently, Mrs. Shaver has allowed herself to be misled by this group."

Issue of Issues

THERE were sounds in Chicago as of the thumping of a dinner-pail, model 1896. Dr. Hubert Work, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, was making known the Republican issue.

"The campaign will be waged on the protective tariff and its benefits," he announced. . . . Protection of the great American pay-roll, which is greater than the pay-roll of the rest of the world together—there's an issue. The Republican Party has stood for the protective tariff, which protects the wages of the workmen in mill, mine, and factory, who in turn have money to buy the products of the American farmer."

Then a thump was heard that was later changed to a low ruffle. Elaborating his opinion that the issue of issues, standing before farm problem and prohibition, was the protective tariff, Dr. Work was quoted as saying:

"It is difficult for me to believe that farmers are in such distress as pictured, with steers bringing \$18, wool at 35 cents, wheat at \$1.47, hogs at high prices, and everything the farmer sells bringing good prices. And practically everything he has to sell is protected by the protective tariff."

When this got into print and raised the rumpus that might have been expected, Dr. Work declared that, through condensation and omissions, his remarks had given a wrong impression, and that "the boys" had misunderstood. He added that he does not talk very distinctly.

"I did not say there was no farm problem," he said. "The gist of what I said was that the Republican platform recognizes the farm problem as a National problem and proposes a specific



Enright in the New York World

Discovery of a family antique

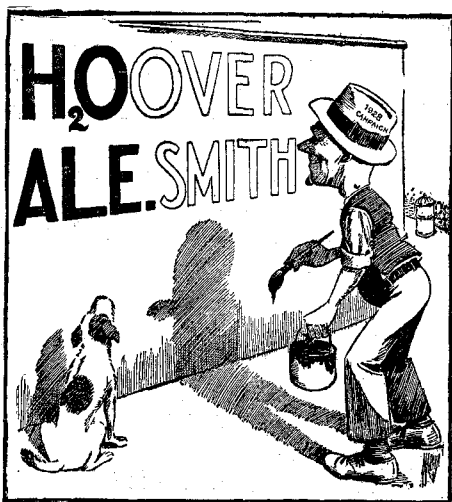
form of relief which will, I believe, commend itself to the farmers; and I expressed satisfaction for the better outlook for farm prices than last year, and that there should be a balanced adjustment between the products of the farm and the shops."

Some suspicious persons believe that Dr. Work's tariff tune is really a "come all ye" calculated to soothe the breast and open the purse of big business.

Aviation Country Clubs

A CORPORATION by that name has just been organized, its aim being the establishment of socially exclusive flying clubs throughout the country, with standard parts and interlocking membership.

"It is our intention," explains Miss Ruth Nichols, head of the Committee on Organization, "to offer the privilege of membership in the clubs only to socially congenial people. The sport in its present stage is quite selective. It attracts the sportsman and sportswoman with a vision of speed, convenience, and pleasure obtainable nowhere but in the air—



Marcus in the New York Times

What's in a name!

the man or woman who sees the possibility of lunch and dinner being perhaps 700 and 800 miles apart."

The first three clubs, it is announced, will be built in New Jersey, Long Island, and Westchester County, New York. Planes and flying instructors will be part of the equipment of each.

Among the governors are William Rockefeller, Charles A. Lawrance, President of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation, Sherman M. Fairchild, of the Fairchild Aviation Corporation. Miss Nichols is an aviatrix.

We Protest

WHILE we are on the subject of aviation, we mean to give our editorial support to the assistant pilots on the air line recently established between Los Angeles and San Francisco.

"What this outfit wants," says their spokesman, "is aeronautical housemaids, not co-pilots. I'd be a howling success if the ground school I went to had taught domestic science instead of so much unnecessary detail about airplanes and flying."

It seems that a buffet luncheon is served on this three-hour flight, and at that time the assistant pilots are expected to double in the rôle of chef and dining-room steward. Theoretically, they are supposed to valet the passengers who require porter service.

The pilots protest that this is beneath the dignity of a flier. So do we. We must have our birdmen plain, not garnished with parsley nor soiled with shoe-blackening.

Wives and Children First

FAMILIES of immigrants in the United States are to have preference in admissions under the immigration quotas, according to the Jenkins Act, which became effective the first of this month. The law remedies what has been one of the worst defects in the regulations that have been in force, both from the American and foreign point of view.

Heretofore families of immigrants were in the same class with foreigners having no relatives in this country. They had to wait their turns under the quota: according to the order of their applications. In this way families have been kept separated for years, when they and the men who had come here to make a place for them desired to be reunited and when it was obviously to the interest of the United States to bring them together again and make them permanent residents and citizens.

The new act gives preference first to

The Outlook

July 18, 1928

The World This Week

Sachem Smith

DOWN in Fourteenth Street, Manhattan, on a murky night, men bellowed and cheered, inharmoniously but with unanimous good will. It was the Fourth of July, one hundred and fifty-second year of American independence, and one hundred and thirty-ninth celebration of the Tammany Society.

This time there was an extra special significance to the ceremony. It was the last celebration in the dingy old building that synonym-lovers like to call "the lair of the Tiger." It was even more memorable for the presence of a Tammany boy who had grown up to become a Presidential possibility.

Men and women came from all the boroughs and beyond to hear what Sachem Smith would say in that place on that occasion. When they had ceased roaring, the candidate said:

"I have listened to a great deal of public and very caustic criticism of Tammany, and I asked myself the question: How can anything live in this country one hundred and thirty-nine years that is not all right? I read that notice [the invitation to the celebration]. Aside from announcing the one hundred and thirty-ninth consecutive celebration, I notice the words: 'All citizens of the United States and lovers of Americanism are cordially invited to unite with us.' I saw the answer to my own question in the notification. All citizens, all lovers of America, are invited to unite with us.

"That is in the strictest possible conformity with the vital principle of the Declaration, about the equality of man. We don't care whether he is rich or

whether he is poor; whether he walks up to Tammany Hall or whether he comes to us in an automobile, or, in the old days, in a coach. We care not about his station in life; we care nothing about his religious belief. We only want to know one thing—that he is a lover of America, and that he has at heart the aims and purposes of this Society to perpetuate the memory of Jefferson, the memory of Washington, the signing of the immortal document which gave America her freedom, and is standing behind the Constitution, which gives life and fidelity to the Declaration. That is all we want to know.

"And in that simple announcement, I firmly believe from the bottom of my heart, is a large part of the underlying success that could keep Tammany alive for one hundred and thirty-nine years; its great human appeal to everybody in every walk and in every station of life. That is true to America and true to the ideals upon which she was founded."

Political enemies said at once: "You see! Smith defends Tammany Hall. He is still one of the boys."

Friends countered: "When he makes a patriotic address to the Tammany Society, he is not apologizing for corrupt Tammany Hall. He was being loyal to old friends, not to plunderers. He has spoken time and again on such occasions. Why should he make himself conspicuous and suspect as to his sincerity by his absence at this time? It was a natural and casual act."

In any event, Tammany Hall is irrevocably in the campaign. Sachem Smith himself has put it in. He is too shrewd a politician to have done so unwittingly.

Keeping Step

ERSTWHILE rivals of the two Presidential candidates have almost unanimously "gone regular." Lowden is the only major figure in either party who has not yet given definite promise of support to his party nominee. Senator Lowden is not opposing Hoover; he has just kept quiet so far.

The smaller fry in both parties have gone along with the bigger. Men like Carmi Thompson who were violently against Hoover during the pre-Convention campaign have resigned from the anvil chorus. Many dry Democrats have decided to support Smith, although there are stirrings in Texas which may or may not be of importance. The most outspoken opponent of the Democratic nominee is the wife of the retiring Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Mrs. Clem Shaver.

"Regardless of what Democratic leaders from top to bottom may do," says she, "we dry Democratic women will not support the dripping wet ticket and the joke platform named by the Tammany delegates to the recent Convention at Houston.

"And, furthermore, we do not believe more than a few of the millions of the Democratic women in this country can be fooled as all of the Democratic leaders appear to have been fooled by it. The idea of a man like Josephus Daniels, Dan Moody, Joe Robinson, Carter Glass, and Jed Adams saying, 'I am a Democrat—I shall support the party nominee'!

"How many times has Tammany supported the party nominee in the past sixteen years? Not once. Yet they have

on society and other potential murderers of either hanging or not hanging the victim. But they all think they are discussing the same question. Now the problem of capital punishment and the problem of alcoholic ingestion are both human problems, and their solution, if such a thing is possible—perhaps adjustment would be a better term—is bound, for that reason, to be extremely complex. But it is one of my deepest convictions that the biologic problem involved is one of the items to be considered in the final adjustment. Far profounder is my certainty that the biologic problem cannot be solved if anything else is allowed to cloud the issue.

In this particular case, for instance, if it can be proved that alcohol has no deleterious effect upon human tissues, we are certainly privileged to turn to the prohibition societies and say to them: "This being true, just exactly why do you object to the human consumption of alcoholic beverages?" Equally certainly we can say: "This being true, you are not privileged to provoke the police power of the State to prevent the consumption of alcoholic beverages on the same ground that we invoke the police power of the State to enforce universal vaccination against smallpox."

So logical must such ideas appear—so plainly fair and ethical—that it is something like a shock to learn that in many States statutory law compels the authors of text-books on physiology and hygiene used in schools to include a chapter on the deleterious effect of alcohol on human life and health. I know of nothing in the American scene today more downright immoral! Here is, at best, a highly debatable subject, one to be settled only by the methods of science. And by law an interpretation is imposed upon the result of those investigations before they are made. Science by legislation. Truth by legislation, when the object of legislation is justice. The people who support these grossly wicked practices are the ones who consider themselves the most moral individuals in the community. Last year, in discussing some public remarks which I made jointly with the Professor of Biology at the University of Kansas, a clergyman said that "scientists must make their discoveries harmonize with the beliefs of the American people." And neither then nor at any later time did he appear to realize the enormity of what he had uttered—how blasphemous it was, how immoral. Because, translated into his own phraseology and philosophy, what he said was that if a man discovered one of God's truths and that

truth was not what the American people believed he must announce that the truth of God which he had discovered was a lie. Yet this minister's statement was a revelation of the real and unconscious attitude of his soul.

Our ideas of hygiene have largely been built up in this way—they are Puritan and ethical rather than scientific. A person thinks alcohol increases crime and economic distress, so it is natural to assume that it injures the body. It is almost impossible not to wish that a person who is obviously having an uproariously good time on a succession of sprees will shortly fill a drunkard's grave. It is distinctly disappointing to observe such people going on for years in the enjoyment of nearly perfect health. So such cases tend to be forgotten; the ones remembered are the ones who "drank themselves to death."

THESE general principles being laid down, let us approach the different problems involved. We must separate them into constituent parts, and we will take as the first one the effect of the ingestion of alcoholic beverages upon the length of human life. Now, notice that this is all we are discussing—the length of human life. We are not discussing whether alcoholic indulgence makes a person feel well or ill in the morning, nor whether it causes congestion and the formation of mucus on the inner coat of the stomach, or whether it may result in multiple neuritis, or whether earthworms exposed to its influence are undermined in their ability to produce vigorous progeny. We are discussing the effect of alcoholic ingestion upon the length of human life. None of these other matters has anything to do with the subject, for people with headaches, and tremors, and gastritis, and alcoholic neuritis, may live a long time, and the only animal which concerns us just at present is man, not earthworms; various animals may react entirely differently to the same chemical. (For instance, dogs do not get typhoid fever and humans do not get distemper.) Obviously, the way to solve this question is to compare the longevity of a group of individuals who drink alcohol regularly with another group who never drink it. This Dr. Pearl has done, using several entirely different avenues of approach, and he has found that the difference in the span of life of the two groups is negligible. To be exact, he found that heavy and continuous drinkers live a somewhat shorter life than total abstainers, and that total abstainers live a somewhat shorter life than moderate

drinkers, but in general the differences are hardly worth considering.

Leaving that question, then, and taking up another, it is fair to ask whether the ingestion of alcohol causes any human diseases. The one most prominently mentioned is cirrhosis of the liver. There are many others which have been ascribed to alcohol, such as hardening of the arteries, Bright's disease, and high blood-pressure, but this is one of the two or three in which, by the general suffrage of students, the probabilities are so strongly in favor of this relationship that men with wide experience can argue with some face of credibility that no example of the disease ever occurs in a total abstainer.

Even at this point, however, there is not general agreement. It is only fair to warn any ministers of the Gospel or Christian statesmen who undertake to treat of the matter that the technical problems involved are so considerable as to make it unlikely that they can be resolved by the somewhat cavalier dialectic which characterizes these gentlemen in their disposition of biologic problems. Not long ago a patient of mine succumbed to this disorder; an autopsy was performed, and parts of the liver were placed under the microscope; and even yet two pathologists of my acquaintance are locked in debate as to whether this was an example of cirrhosis of the liver. Now when so much difficulty occurs in actually recognizing a disease when the very tissues involved can be examined under the microscope, how much do difficulties increase when the unified cause of all the cases all over the world is to be determined. The entire force of one department of the Mayo Foundation for Medical Research has for the last five years been concentrated on liver disease, and in one of their latest publications Dr. Rowntree, the head of that department, has invoked the spirit of Richard Bright in the hope that some order could be brought out of "the chaos of the cirrhoses of the liver."

When such a state of affairs exists in one of the foremost laboratories of medical research in the world, it does seem a little unlikely that the equipment in the Senate chamber or in the study of the First Baptist Church of Ottumwa, Iowa, will be adequate to the task. Of course, this confusion in anatomical classification applies only to the less characteristic forms of liver disease. If it is of aid or comfort to any one, I may say that my experience indicates unqualifiedly that a certain kind of liver

(Please turn to continuation, page 472)

Chips from a Third Mate's Log

By KENNETH GRIGGS MERRILL

DECEMBER 6, 1918. Barry, Wales. In looking forward to my first day as an officer on a cargo vessel, I have always taken it for granted that I would come aboard in an orderly fashion: I would meet the captain, the various other officers, and then be given a day or so to "find myself"—to unpack, to acquaint myself with the ship—before my actual duties began.

Instead, when I reported aboard the *Caroline* this morning, I was met at the gangway by the second mate, who informed me that the captain was ashore and that I was to go on watch in ten minutes. Throwing my bags in a tiny stateroom, I hastily stumbled out on deck again and found the second mate up for'ard. Without looking up, he muttered: "Loading 'ospital supplies. Bum stevedores. Got to watch dem everyt'ing makes tight." With which enlightening message he turned on his heel and, relieved of the watch, stalked ashore.

Intent on getting a better idea of the nature and stowage of the cargo, I scrambled down into No. 1 hold and turned what I hoped would be taken as a fiercely discerning eye on the stevedores. I had not been down there three minutes before I heard a deep, raw voice booming down at me from the hatch combing: "Mr. Mate! Mr. Mate!" Looking up, I saw a very red face, and, as the face was surmounted by rather an official-looking cap, I lost no time in climbing up to it. The gentleman to whom the face belonged proved to be the Harbor Master, and the ship, he declared, must be moved immediately to dock No. 17 if we were to coal. I thanked him, and hastened away to give his message to the mate. To be sure I had not yet seen the mate, nor did I know where his quarters were, but I soon found a mess-boy who could help me out. With a leer which I understood a minute later, he pointed to a door. I knocked.

"C'min," bawled a thick, uncertain voice. On entering, I made out the form of a heavy man sprawled on the bunk. One look was enough—he was dead drunk.

"The Harbor Master tells me we must move to dock No. 17 at once, sir," I said. The mate waved his hand—an indescribably care-free gesture it was—and grunted cheerfully: "Aw right. Move 'er."

I had been on board this ship just twenty minutes, I had not even been on the bridge, I scarcely knew her bow from her stern as yet, and here I was being told to move her a matter of three-quarters of a mile and tie her up at a coal dock! Oh, well, I knew how. I simply had never *given* the orders before. I jumped on the bridge, whistled down to the engine-room, grabbed a megaphone and shouted down to the stevedore boss that we were moving, had a boy find the bo'sun and tell him to get a couple of men up on the fo'c'sle head,

Chips and two more men on the poop. I think I realized the meaning of the word "responsibility" for the first time in my life. Seventy-five hundred tons of steel, forty souls; a fairish twist to the tide; and the ship as yet a complete stranger to me. I was in a fine perspiration by the time we got to Dock 17—but get there we did.

About three o'clock this afternoon, a short, powerful man, his face purple with rage, came over the gangway, faced me, and bellowed, "Who in the hell moved this ship?" It was my introduction to the captain.

"The Harbor Master came aboard at 8:10 this morning and said we had to move to this dock, sir," I replied.

"Who in the hell moved this ship?" he repeated.

"The mate was aboard, sir," I hazarded desperately.

"Humph!" growled the captain, and left me. Evidently I had said the right thing.

At dinner tonight the mate appeared, sober, steady, and looking altogether like a particularly bland prelate. Not a word was said about moving the ship, but once when the captain was talking with the second mate he favored me with an elaborate wink. It was alike a comment and an acknowledgment.

DECEMBER 7, 1918. My watch ran through until eight o'clock this morning, and now I have had a few hours to stow my things and look about me. The *Caroline* appears to be a stanch, commodious ship, bluff bowed, deep bellied; built for a leisurely pace, great carrying capacity, and economical operation. She is not new—we have oil lamps in the mess-room and the mates' rooms, although the captain has had his roomy quarters and chart-room wired and electric lights installed. The chart-room is directly above the little cubby-hole I withdraw to, and I can hear the captain walking to and fro as I write. He seems to have the relentless energy



Drawn by Arnold Hall

which characterizes so many sea captains, and when the ship is placidly tied up in port—where the strain of long hours and responsibility does not beset him—he is very restless.

This evening after dinner I was told that the captain wanted to see me “on the topside.” He asked me a few questions, told me I would have the eight-to-twelve watch at sea, and said we’d be getting under way day after tomorrow. I found him to be a young man—possibly thirty-six—businesslike, impersonal, with hard eyes and a pleasant mouth. He is a man of two voices. In conversation his tone is low and pleasant, his speech staccato, conveying much by inflection. In giving orders his voice is a monotone of surprising carrying power, and the most utterly definite thing I have ever heard in my life.

December 8, 1918. Mr. Gadge, the mate, hails from Boston. This is his first experience in European waters, although he has been a sailor for forty years. Heretofore he has always found berths on ships plying between North and South America, and he entertained me for an hour today with stories of the old sailing-ship days when a “v’yage tuk mebbe a hundred and twenty days.” He is a vast, big fellow of five-and-fifty, I should say, with a full, smiling face and twinkling blue eyes. Very much the old-time Yankee in his speech and his humor, yet he has a power of mimicry that I have seldom heard surpassed on the stage—a queer combination.

Without seeming to notice anything that is going on aboard the ship he has an uncanny faculty of knowing everything—nothing escapes him. He was ashore all morning, and yet he had not been aboard ship five minutes before I heard him telling Mr. Pulke, the second mate, that he’d “nuticed one o’ them limeys hed scratched a chunk o’ paint off the for’d hatch as big as a lobster putt.” A few minutes later, the stevedore gang having been transferred aft, there was a boy up for’d with a pot of paint and a brush, repairing the damage.

We sail for Bordeaux some time early tomorrow morning.

DECEMBER 10, 1918. When I came aboard this ship, I took Mr. Pulke, the second mate, for a Finn, but he is not. He has that love of a sense of injury which proclaims the Slav; he purposely will leave his room askew on an inspection day that the captain’s vitriolic comment may furnish him with a ration of mutterings. Lean, intense, given to fiery marauding ashore, he takes his reactions back to the ship with him and

mixes them with his introspections; the Italian mess-boy moves with catlike stealth in serving him, lest this smoldering man erupt and the flames consume. Pulke is an atheist, a Socialist. He keeps a volume of Kipling beside his Tolstoy and Turgenev so he may cleanse his mind of men by reading of monkeys. At mess his attitude is one of sharp arrogance towards superior rank, studied geniality toward juniors, and his sardonic humor reeks with the sulphur of hell. He believes motive is a constant; there are no subconscious actions. Do you leave the table hurriedly? You slight him. Do you linger? You spy upon him. One never argues with him twice, for he cannot weigh your opinions, only plumb your reasons for holding them. Yet he is a splendid seaman, an officer whose lightning brain fairly leaps the logarithmic chasms of navigation, and whose soul, not knowing the emotion fear, is unable to comprehend it.

We left Barry and dropped down the Bristol Channel early this morning. It was my watch below this afternoon, and I was dimly conscious of disquiet as I slept, but it was not until I stuck my head outside after mess that I realized the vastness of the seas which were sweeping over us under the malicious urge of a southwest gale. Straight from the Horn came that wind, with five thousand unbroken miles to spur its rush of conquest, and the sea, lashed and pricked into startled fury, rose as though in retaliation, flexed its mighty muscles and spat.

At six bells on my evening watch the captain appeared on the bridge and for some time paced up and down in silence. Then he sent a seaman below for the mate, who soon joined him. I heard them discussing the advisability of laying to. Heavy seas were pounding our deck-load of five-ton trucks, and the weight of these trucks, perched so high above our plimsoll mark, was making the ship a bit clumsy—“top heavy,” as a landsman might say. To put about would involve real danger. I had not seen Mr. Pulke come up on the bridge, yet his lean face suddenly grew out of the darkness, illuminated by the queer dismembering light of the binnacle, and I saw neither excitement nor self-control there, only exultation. A moment later I brushed against him in the wing of the bridge and stopped. Bare-headed he stood, shaking a joyous fist at the wind, his upturned face indistinguishable, but from its very cast, ecstatic. As I listened I heard in the voice of the wind a strange obligato, for he was singing:

Blow, damn you, blow!
Blow, and howl, and moan
Like twenty t’ousand
Meelion moaning cats!
Blow, damn you, blow!
As we near d’ rocks,
Blow, damn you, blow!
Den quad-rupple d’ quantity!

He turned, sensing rather than seeing me. “In Russia,” he said, “many songs are sung. Forgive such poor translation.” Abruptly he swung himself down the ladder and was lost to sight.

But it was not a time to be thinking of Mr. Pulke. The captain decided to put about, and the order was given just as I went off watch. Emerging a few minutes later from a welter of rushing water—up for’d where the gale bounded upon one’s chest with a shriek and stifled him—I made my way back to the deck-house to see whether, God grant! we pulled out of the trough as we swung around. I took a short cut through the mess-room and the companionway, led by Mr. Pulke’s open door. There, snug in his bunk, with his clothes a-swing on the wall beside him, lay our second mate, purring to himself a snatch of his beloved Kipling:

Dis is a sorrowful story
Tol’ as d’ twilight fails,
While d’ monkeys walk in a circle
Holdin’ each odder’s tails!

DECEMBER 11, 1918. Last night I turned in to the terrific orchestration of a gale. Howling winds were my reeds, the sigh of taut rigging my strings, the creak of straining stringers my brasses, and the boom-boom! of tons of green water catapulting over the fo’c’sle head my tympani. *Quel ensemble!* But I awoke this morning to an almost pastoral calm. My bunk maintained a perfect horizontal, my clothes on their hook an equally faultless perpendicular. Utter peace and quiet reigned. Yet my half-aroused faculties pleaded with reason that something was amiss. I had wakened suddenly, with no subconscious recollection of violent sound or incident. What was wrong? As I pondered, sleepily, I heard the cataclysmic roar of chain as the starboard anchor was let go, and simultaneously I knew what had been troubling me. I had missed the throb of the propeller! Looking out my port-hole I saw that we, together with some ten or twelve other vessels, were huddled in the lee of an island like a brood of chickens seeking shelter behind a straw stack.

It proved to be Lundy Isle—that refuge of tens of thousands of mariners since ships have set out to sea—and we lay at our snug berth all day. By night

there were forty of us—tramps, trawlers, and windjammers—all, as Mr. Pulke phrased it, “outvitting such veathers out-site.”

December 12, 1918. We left Lundy Isle at midnight, and all day we have been fighting our way down the northern coast of Cornwall. Our deck-load is raising the devil. Heavy seas all day, and just as I came on watch tonight one or two of the trucks, though secured with all the ingenuity Mr. Gadge could bring to the problem, broke from their lashings. Happily, we were abeam of St. Ives at the time, so we put in and lay to.

December 13, 1918. Exactly the same story as yesterday. Buffeting our way around the tip of Cornwall most of the day, only to encounter worse going than ever when we made the Channel. Immediately, one of the trucks on the after well deck “went temperamental,” and we had to steam into Penzance. I could have howled for joy. We “let go the hook” at about six o’clock, and for an hour and a half I stood on the bridge sweeping the hills with my glasses. I gloated in the discovery of what I took to be the old castle of the robber barons, where, centuries ago, lived the stout rogues who so cleverly preyed upon shipping. Penzance, then as now, was a haven for the storm-tossed. Legend has it that there was a great chain stretched across the mouth of the bay. When the barons spied some wind-harried ship making for shelter, they would lower the chain. In would come the ship. Then up would go the chain and the ship was imprisoned until scandalous tribute had been levied.

Bumping into old McGraw, our bo’sun, a few minutes ago, I told him the legend. I’m afraid he is a born skeptic. He swept his eye across the mouth of the bay, lowered his head in thought for a moment, shifted his quid: “Aw-w-w-r,” he growled, “there ain’t enough men in Cornwall to turn a capstan that’d heave in a chain that long!”

DECEMBER 14, 1918. Bay of Biscay. A day to make one think of Indian summer at home, warm and hazy. As the captain was marking our position on the chart this noon, he pointed out the Raz de Seins—a current-torn inner channel of some miles’ length, skirted on either side by voracious reefs and rocks. “See that?” he said in his staccato manner. “Well, the Raz saved my ship three months ago. Fourteen of us coming down to Bordeaux in convoy. Steaming slow—nine knots. Night. Running without lights. We gets abeam of the Raz and bang!—a damned Spanish coal ship next to me gets it! Torpedo ’mid-

ships. I looks over to starboard, little way astern. Sub. To hell with the convoy destroyers! I beat it. Yelled down to the engineer to shove some of them rosin blocks we’re loaded with in with his coal. I wanted plenty o’ steam. Headed full speed for the old Raz. Dark—black as your hat. The rosin gives me two knots more speed ’n I thought the old girl had in her. Beat the sub to the mouth, and in I went. Sub scared to follow—too many rocks. Lights ’r no lights, I knew the channel. Pounded right through. Fooled ’em that time!” As abruptly as he had spoken, he left the bridge.

December 17, 1918. Bordeaux. We had scarcely become attuned to the roar of winches and the rattle of straining “falls” when Mr. Gadge appeared at the gangway accompanied by Mr. Hogan, the chief engineer—a sly Hibernian of Gargantuan girth—and announced that “me’n the chief is goin’ ashore t’ look at some of the public buildin’s of int’rest.” As Mr. Pulke had the watch, I soon followed their example and went ashore myself. In a little side-street branching off from a most imposing boulevard I found a tiny grotto of a restaurant with room for but three tables; yet it had a little fountain which tinkled pleasantly and a rather decent bit of statuary standing by the casement window. Here I was served with onion soup, a great steaming caldron of mussels in an indescribably piquant sauce, a thin slice of “beef” (about which one would not inquire too closely), a salad, a pastry, and a bottle of Bordeaux Blanche—all for five francs—and I arose from the table a friend of France.

The Cathedral is not large, but it is very beautiful, and I entered just in time for a burst of music from the organ. A service was in progress, and, fascinated by the ritual—which was strange to me—and the musical intoning of the priests, I stayed until the end. Then out into the bright sunlight, and, driven by the incredible actuality of being in France for the first time, I walked for hours. Bursting with kaleidoscopic impressions, I returned to the ship to assort and digest them. As I clambered over the side and set foot on the deck, I saw a flushed and unsteady Mr. Gadge leaning on the rail and staring off into the twilight. All too obvious was the nature of the “public buildin’s of int’rest” he had been visiting. Looking up, he spoke—rather forlornly, I think:

“Mist’ Merrill,” he said, “the chief engineer is Irish, and the Irish is dirty. Fust thing we got ’shore, him and me hed a pint of that French cunnyac apiece. I bin drunk ever since, an’ he

ain’t even *started* yet. Mist’ Merrill, that ain’t decent in a man”—

Sure enough, as I passed the chief engineer’s room a few moments later, there he was at his desk, calmly casting up his coal accounts.

DECEMBER 19, 1918. Bordeaux. Mr. Gadge has at once the sordid sophistication and the superb innocence of a coastwise sailor. As we ate our dinner today he fixed me with his guileless eye and talked. “Me an’ the chief has bin ashore, Mist’ Merrill, lookin’ over the public buildin’s of int’rest; an’—well, lemme tell you, these French people is got a funny way of talkin’! By Godfrey ’mighty! Me’n the chief, we listened and listened, and we couldn’t understand what in the hell they was a-sayin’; why these Frenchies they jist says the same word over and over ‘gain—‘Ong-a-wong-a-wong-a-wong,’ they says, an’ ever’ word they says is jist the same as ever’ other word they says. Now, Mist’ Merrill, when people sit ’round caffees and rest’rints jist sayin’ the same word over an’ over, it don’t mean nothin’ and don’t make no sense to nobody!” He lit his pipe, a bit proud of his epic on the French tongue.

Just then a little French port official stuck his nose into the mess-room. In dress he was fussy to the point of daintiness, and his little lacquered mustache and high color gave him an almost theatrical appearance. With one bound Mr. Gadge cast his great bulk across the room and caught the man roughly by the throat. “Git the hell out of here, you little —!” he roared.

“But, Mr. Gadge,” I broke in hastily, “this man is a port official—he was around here this morning.”

Horried, Mr. Gadge let go his hold on the man. “My gosh!” he groaned; “I thought he was another one of them fellers a-sellin’ postal cards!”

December 21, 1918. Six eggs, half a pound of bacon, a platter of toast, and a pot of coffee is just a little snack to Mr. Hogan. I have never known a man of such unlimited food capacity. Yesterday, while roaming around the market-place, I saw some rather tempting Roquefort cheese, and, thinking to give the rest a treat, I bought a pound and bore it back to the ship. Some little premonition, perhaps, accounted for my hiding it in the pantry just off the mess-room, but after I had hidden it on a high shelf, I thought it safe.

This morning I spoke to the mess-boy after breakfast, and told him to serve the cheese tonight. A comical look of concern came over his mobile Italian face. “Misser Merrill,” he said, ear-



Drawn by Arnold Hall

nestly, "las' a night, I come een here. Was-a Misser Hogan een da pantry—sniff-sniff like beeg-a dog weet hees nose. 'Mess,' he say-a to me, 'getta me some-a toast.' I go get. Come back, hees got beeg piece-a cheese een hees-a hand. Eat-a cheese an' toast. Drink-a coffee. Z-z-z-zt! Ees all-a gone!"

Next time I'll buy two pounds!

December 25, 1918. Last night we dropped down the Gironde River, and here we are fog-bound, half-way to the mouth. Christmas day! Instead of looking out the window upon a bright snow-tufted evergreen landscape, I look out a port-hole into an impenetrable gray veil of fog. Instead of wakening to the clear, lovely voice of my mother and the excited cries of my little sister, I was aroused this morning by the beating of heavy feet on the deck plates, as some of the seamen fight off nostalgia with horse-play. The only relief I have found is in writing a long letter home—to be mailed four or five days hence! I have not seen the captain all day. Mr. Gadge and Mr. Pulke move around mechanically, with the glazed eyes of far-away thought. I caught the Italian mess-cook crying in his galley this morning—crying as he strove with all his warm little heart to evolve a suitable Christmas cake from coarse ship's-stores ingredients. This evening he begged a tallow candle from one of the oilers, to burn in front of a sacred picture that hangs over his bunk. He was happier after that.

Every sailor is a child on Christmas—a child whom Santa Claus forgot.

December 27, 1918. At sea, off Ushant light. Sailors are just as superstitious as they were in the days of clipper ships. Today we sighted a vagrant floating mine, cast adrift, mayhap, by heavy seas. There are a lot of them around this part of the coast. They're frightfully dangerous things—a menace to shipping—and we see a good many French patrol boats out looking for them. The captain has a unique way of disposing of them without help from the patrol. He keeps an elephant gun in the chart-room, and when a mine is sighted,

he hops out on deck and blazes away at it with his rifle. The first shot that hits the mine pierces its sheet-steel sides, and the mine, filling with salt water, sinks harmlessly enough.

Today, however, his second or third shot, by purest accident, caught a pretty sea-gull on the wing, and the poor thing dropped into the water, dead. I heard a suppressed curse, and, looking around, saw McGraw, the bo'sun, gripping the rail with his fingers—his face as white as the gull's breast. He turned to me, and growled hoarsely: "Bad luck, Mr. Merrill, bad luck! Mark my words, we'll have bad luck before we tie up in Liverpool—damned bad luck! It's awful—awful, t' kill a sea-gull!" It's pathetic to see a great hulking fellow like McGraw so upset by superstition.

DECEMBER 31, 1918. Liverpool. As we were warping into our dock here this noon a twist of the tide swung our nose into the quay, and stove in three plates—so badly that we will be laid up ten days for repairs. Did I say superstition?

January 4, 1919. Liverpool. I learned not to drink port when I'm "low" this evening. What with our loading waiting upon the repair of our bow plates, we haven't much to keep us occupied, and I was so dejected this afternoon that I sought to cheer myself with a change of scene. Accordingly, I went over to the Adelphi Hotel, and whom should I meet there but that charming old Mme. Roullier, whom I met on the old White Star Canopic coming over a few months ago. We had dinner together and, under the spell of her Victorian appearance and motherly sympathy, I spoke of my recent depression. She laughed. "Ah, my boy," she cried, "what you need is a glass of port!" So I ordered port. With reverent care the chubby little waiter poured me out a glass. I drank it, and, finding no immediate warmth in it—the dining-room of the hotel seemed beastly cold to me—I essayed another glass. As I finished it the gray groping cold of Liverpool, as

though challenged by my combative gesture, crept into the very marrow of my bones and chilled them until my teeth chattered. At 60° below zero, walking across the plains of Minnesota on my way to school, I was never one-half as cold. It was not until I had consumed a whole pot of coffee that, slowly, like a man resuscitated from drowning, I felt the return of warmth and life. Br-r-r-r! England in January!

January 6, 1919. Loading at last. Captain moody, Mr. Gadge drunk, Mr. Pulke very injured and abused about something no one can determine, Mr. Hogan quarreling with his assistant, Mr. Larsen! Or, to put it another way, no mail has reached the ship since we arrived in Liverpool.

January 8, 1919. Just an hour before sailing time a mail-bag came aboard. Letters for every one but McGraw, the bo'sun. After the mail had been distributed, I saw him standing disconsolately by the rail, and thought to cheer him with a "better luck next time"! He turned a dead eye upon me and grunted: "Don't know anybody 't can write but my sister," then, almost to himself—"and she ain't got much to say."

January 10, 1919. "Butting through the Channel in the mad March days"—only it's January. Without a deck-load, however, the Caroline is a steady, comfortable ship, "and not," as the captain says, "like these cheese-boxes they build nowadays." With surprising deftness for so heavy a ship, she meets the combers, sticks her hearty nose into them and tosses them aside.

While I was on watch this evening the sky cleared for an hour, and I watched the swaying foremast pick out the stars. I have the feeling that no one but a sailor can really know the stars. Think of the hours he spends in their silent company! Not all the seafaring man's tranquillity comes from his regular life; surely the heavens' infinite wonders, as he paces the lonely bridge, come closer to him than they ever do to his land-held brothers. Perhaps that is why sailors cling so passionately to sea life.

Do Juries Make You Tired ?

PROMINENT among the most popular of American indoor sports is expressing shocked amazement at the verdicts of our juries. Why we should continue, decade after decade, to be amazed is more than I can explain in view of the fact that our jurors have been running true to form since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Their reactions are just about the same, no matter whether the case is tried in Texas or Maine, California or New York; likewise it makes no difference whether we cite verdicts returned this year or twenty years ago. Confronted by this long record, I think we might as well admit that if twelve resentful critics of a verdict had sat in the jury-box instead of the jurors who actually heard the evidence and argument, the verdict would probably have been the same. We have no segregated, special class of men and women set apart for jury duty. Our jurors are, and always have been, representative of us all. The plain and obvious truth of the matter is that we are not very good jurors; moreover, we know it. But instead of saying, "I am not a good juror," or "We are not good jurors," what we actually say is, "That jury made me sick." It is always the other fellow who makes us sick. Not until we take cognizance of the fact that thousands of jurors have shocked and amazed us will we begin to suspect the unpleasant truth.

WELL, what is that truth? What is the matter with us, that our record as jurors is so unsatisfactory, even to ourselves? After some twenty years of familiarity with the doings of courts and jurors I could set down rather a long list of shortcomings, but I shall name only three—first, because they are the most important; and, second, because they require no qualifying phrases. Here are the three:

First, an appalling number of us are acute sentimentalists, as defined by Mr. Ruskin. An acute sentimentalist is a person whose emotions run riot at the sound of certain words without the necessity even of forming sentences around them. For example, you lift your eyes reverently, make your voice quaver—which is extremely easy—and say: "Mother." And the acute sentimentalist drenches his cheeks with tears. Why?

By CHESTER T. CROWELL

Somewhere in this country twelve men are always under fire for sins of omission or commission. How do juries get that way—and what can be done to make trial by jury a less fallible instrument of justice? Mr. Crowell is entertaining, if not very hopeful.

He doesn't know. You haven't said anything about mother; she may be a very bad mother; there are such mothers; but the acute sentimentalist is swept entirely clear of his reason by the mere sound of the word. Every shrewd trial lawyer carries in his tool chest a great many of these words.

Second, an astoundingly large number of us do not understand the nature of a crime involving the illegal conversion of another person's property unless the conversion took some such utterly simple form as burglary and theft.

I have seen many criminal cases tried, but never have I known the prosecutor to obtain a conviction if as many as three large ledgers were introduced in evidence. The reason for this is that a man who has no experience with ledgers, bank records, etc., believes (first) that they are easily falsified at a moment's notice, and (second) that the possibility of a horrible error in addition might send an innocent man to the penitentiary. On nearly every jury there are men and women or both who do not understand ledgers. Moreover, when the victim of the thievery in question happens to be a corporation, it is entirely possible that some of the jurors have no objection to the fraud or theft. They do not realize this because their way of expressing it is indirect and involved, but the mental process can easily be explained. What this type of juror does is to draw a sharp line between persons and corporations in an absurdly illogical manner that necessarily makes injustice probable. If Mr. A cheats Mr. B out of \$100,000, it is clear to the juror that Mr. B has lost some property, and he feels sorry for Mr. B; but if Mr. A cheats a fire insurance company out of \$10,000 it is not at all clear to the juror that the fire insurance company has lost \$10,000. Mr. A has had the good fortune to come into possession

of \$10,000, but, miraculously, no one has lost it. A corporation is a mysterious mechanism whose losses become mere bookkeeping transactions. It is impossible for the corporation to weep or starve because of them. That ruined stockholders may both weep and starve calls for the exercise of more imagination than the juror possesses if he simply does not know what a corporation is. If he were told how many of them fail in the course of a year through no real fault but merely the mutations of business, he just wouldn't believe the figures.

In a country where business interests people as keenly as it does in the United States this seems highly improbable, but the record is overwhelmingly convincing. Let me cite just a few items of proof. It is almost impossible to get convictions against persons who practice frauds against insurance companies. It is very difficult to get convictions against persons who bring fraudulent and perjured suits for damages against railways and other public utilities. It is very difficult to get convictions in cases involving what the statutes in some States describe as theft by bailee. Broadly speaking, theft by bailee is converting to your own use property that was left in your care. Such cases are bound to be just a little complicated—and just a little seems adequate to confuse the average jury hopelessly. We will convict burglars and highwaymen when the evidence is clear, but there is no State in this Union where it is easy to convict a professional receiver of stolen goods. Those cases are complicated. It is also very difficult to get convictions in any case involving malfeasance by the officer of a corporation. In the latter case the defense always charges that the accused rascal is the victim of jealous business rivals. He is an intrepid builder and organizer whose destruction is sought by those who fear his genius. To twelve stock-brokers the case against a seller of blue-sky securities or the operator of a bucket-shop would be utterly clear, but it is not at all clear to a street-car motorman, a housewife, a carpenter, and an automobile mechanic. They ponder over the doubtful regard in which Henry Ford was held while his first automobile was being constructed, over the early financial trials of Thomas A. Edison, and similar legends. Reasonable doubt enters their

minds, and they act accordingly. They would prefer a case in which a horse or cow had been stolen.

Third, we have no instinctive, immediate, emotional objection to homicide. We think we have, but what we actually feel is vast curiosity, considerable excitement, and almost no revulsion at the very thought of the destruction of a human life. Many of us experience sickening horror at the thought of divorce, adultery, violation of the Volstead Act, intoxication, and the use of profanity. The reaction in these cases is instinctive, emotional, and tremendously powerful. But homicide has been common in this country since colonial times and is accepted as an ordinary phenomenon of human misbehavior.

As a result of this rather odd psychological quirk we are inclined to examine a defendant charged with murder, not according to the law prohibiting murder, but according to our ideas as to whether he or she was in the habit of behaving decently as we understand decency—remembering that homicide is neither decent nor indecent—it simply is, that's all; and we are used to it. As jurors we divide our murders into two classes: romantic, or low and vile. The actual letter of the law scarcely interests us at all, for under the law there can be no such thing as a romantic murder. Either it was murder or it wasn't. Let me cite an illuminating example. In the case of Judd Gray and Ruth Snyder, who were tried in New York State for the murder of Ruth Snyder's husband and convicted and executed, the prosecution proved that the two defendants had been carrying on an illicit love affair and that they were frequently drunk together. The motive for the murder, however, was the victim's life insurance, so that legally it made no difference what the relations were between the two defendants. Snyder was killed with an iron sash weight, his skull being crushed while he was asleep in his bed. From the time that the story of the relations between Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray became public there was almost no doubt about the outcome of that case. By the moral test even the woman was cut off from the usual appeals to sentimentality. Now, let us suppose that instead of being a peaceful, home-loving person Mr. Snyder had been quarrelsome, and that he, not she, had had a love affair. Let us suppose that his wife, wearied and angered by his nagging, had murdered him in his bed in just the manner which the prosecution proved on the actual trial of the case. That would have been murder in

the first degree no matter what her motive, because the victim was asleep and couldn't possibly have done anything to give grounds for a plea of self-defense. But does any one doubt that in the supposititious case she would have had a much better chance of acquittal? The moral test, far more than the legal test, was what consigned her to the electric chair. She had done wrong within the understanding of any group of twelve citizens. There was nothing complicated about it. But scores of women have killed their husbands or lovers in this country and been acquitted on grounds that would barely be adequate for divorce and were in no sense legal defenses against the charge of murder.

Let me cite another case illustrative of this important point. The driver of an automobile ran over a child. He had long been known to his neighbors as a reckless driver who apparently could not resist the temptation to speed at upwards of forty miles an hour. At the time the child was killed he was going about forty-five miles an hour. With him in the car were his wife, his three children, his sister-in-law and brother-in-law. They were on the way to visit his mother. He was acquitted. At almost the same time another automobile driver in a near-by town was tried because he had run over a small boy and crippled him for life. It was shown that the small boy and various playmates were in the habit of dashing out onto the road in front of passing automobiles just for the fun of watching them skid when brakes were suddenly applied. I have seen that stunt performed by small children many times, and it is a hair-raising experience. The unfortunate driver of this car, however, was riding with the wife of a neighbor and they were returning from a roadhouse where they had had three highballs each. The defendant introduced proof that he was not drunk, that he was an exceptionally capable driver, that he had not been in an accident for twelve years, and that he was going twenty-eight miles an hour when the child was struck. He was convicted. Does any one doubt that the difference in destinations and companions of the two drivers had something to do with the verdicts? Moral tests were applied rather than legal.

The difficulty, from the point of view of law enforcement, with jurors who apply such tests is that they enlarge the scope of a trial far beyond what would theoretically be its limits. If it is possible for jurors to say: "Well, it looked like he looted the company, but he

seemed to be a nice sort of fellow and there was his good old mother and his wife and baby," then it becomes important for the defense to bring out these facts, or, if they are not facts, to manufacture the semblance of such facts. They are not often admissible testimony, under the law, so it is necessary to bring them to light indirectly, and this leads on and on, even to perjury. Lawyers get the blame for this, but jurors are equally responsible. This development had gone so far, years and years ago, that as citizens and jurors we have adopted an extra-legal form of punishment which relieves us of the unpleasant necessity for sending all guilty defendants to the penitentiary. Instead of performing that harsh and thankless task we can hurl them to the lawyers. The cost of trials is enormously higher in this country than anywhere else. As a rule the defendant who is guilty but manages to fight his way out of the clutches of the law by using every fair and foul means, including the whole vast array of technicalities available to shrewd counsel, finishes his battle bankrupt, and probably ruined, anyway.

What we forget is that this system is not very encouraging to an innocent man who happens to find himself accused of crime. He also stands in dire danger of emerging ruined rather than vindicated. And yet, stripped to its bare essentials, this might be described as virtually a part of our National system of administering justice. Recall, if you can, some case in which a wealthy man was accused of fraud in the conduct of his business and had to fight a long and expensive legal battle to escape imprisonment. Did he remain the head of his business enterprises? Or did he somehow or other go out? They usually go out. First they are thrown to the lawyers to be more or less stripped, and then the business is reorganized with a change of executives. That seems to be our way in these situations. Being sentimentalists, we vastly prefer some hazy sort of poetic justice to legalistic conceptions. Like the man in a certain very ancient story who had conscientious scruples against the use of force, we will not strike our enemy, but we will hold his head under water long enough for nature to take its course. The result is thus not vengeance but fate, and we emerge from the jury-box with spotless records for mercy and charity.

THE charge is often made that a rich man enjoys outrageously unfair advantages when he appears before our

courts either as a litigant in a civil suit or defendant in a criminal action. There is, of course, considerable truth in this complaint, but it is as old as courts themselves. Nor would it be easy to change that condition. The rich man also enjoys advantages at his breakfast table, when he travels, when he borrows, when he takes a wife, and when he turns his talents toward the preservation or restoration of his health. His advantages are too obvious to be worth serious discussion. Before the courts he can be represented by exceptionally able counsel if he has the wit to use his wealth shrewdly, and in the event of failure on the first effort he is better able than a poor man to prosecute lengthy appeals; but before twelve jurors his advantage is not very great—and here we are dealing solely with the peculiarities of jurors. The cases he wins on appeal are not germane to a discussion of jury-box psychology. Nowhere is that shown more clearly than in our abundant annual crop of murder trials. Very few of the thousands of defendants who appear in these cases are executed, yet not many of them are wealthy. Their escapes are due far less to the use of money than to jury-box psychology, which is such a simple thing that quite ordinary lawyers understand how to manipulate it and obtain acquittals.

Proof of this statement is so abundant that the selection of one typical example instead of a dozen becomes difficult. One, however, should suffice. I recall a murder trial which found the defendant in the far from unusual situation of being guilty under the law but with grounds for appeal to the well-known sentimentality of the jurors. His attorney had the shrewdness to realize that some one else could make better use than he of this raw material for oratory, so he employed a man who was famous for his successes in such situations. This man had been originally pastor of a Protestant church, then an evangelist conducting revival meetings; later he had been a practicing attorney, and after that he had returned to the Christian ministry until a scandal relating to a choir member returned him to a law office. At the time of his employment in this case he was unacquainted with the testimony, but the defendant's attorney assured him that that was not important. The date was December 22. He made a speech in which he described the happiness of the defendant's wife and two small daughters if the defendant should return home a free man in time to trim the Christmas tree. That was all he had to say. The

jurors could send this man to the gallows or penitentiary or they could make his family unutterably happy by sending him home a free man. It was a situation from which tears could be wrung, and the ex-evangelist did his best. The defendant was acquitted, and all who attended the trial from beginning to end agreed that oratory turned the trick.

LET us consider for a moment that ancient subject of jest, the plea of insanity. If your acquaintance with any given case is solely that of a newspaper reader, you know only what the defendant did to his victim and what the police told the reporters shortly after the crime. Usually this information indicates that the defendant ought to be hanged, not once, but two or three times. Your ire is aroused. Finally the case comes to trial, and counsel for the defendant, seeing clearly that there is no ground for a plea of self-defense, which is the only logical plea against a charge of murder, introduces evidence to show that the defendant was insane. Strangely enough, we—meaning the major portion of our population—do not seem to understand the legal basis for that plea. In all probability the jurors do not understand it either at the time they are sworn, but the matter is easily explained. If a person is crazy, he can't be guilty of crime under the law—that's all there is to it; he can't be legally guilty because he wasn't sane and didn't know what he was doing. All of this is explained to the jurors, and when they hear the testimony of the experts they send the defendant to an asylum instead of to the gallows or electric chair. Then the critics of our jury system rise to remark that sharp practice saved a cruel and horrible murderer from his just deserts. But if they had served on that jury they would probably have returned the same verdict. If we don't want the law to excuse crazy persons for their homicides, we can easily remedy the situation. Insanity is not protected by the Constitution; a new statute would change all this at any session of the State Legislature. Would you enact such a statute? Well, if you wouldn't, why complain? I don't know whether I would or not. I have thought the matter over many times, without reaching a final conclusion. Let us suppose that we have a case in which an insane man, misled by delusions of grandeur, thinks it perfectly moral for him to kidnap the baby daughter of a banker and hold her for ransom, in order to raise money to perfect his invention which will draw unlimited power from

the air and thus revolutionize all industry. The father doesn't pay the ransom, and he kills the little girl. He is plainly crazy, and horrible. Given an opportunity, he may do this same thing again. He is dangerous, no good to himself, and an enemy to society. Nevertheless, the law says that he shouldn't be executed; that he must be confined; and—mark this!—if he subsequently recovers his reason, he should be liberated. Now, opposed to this lunatic, let us consider the case of a healthy, productive, honest young man who is heels over head in love with a beautiful girl who loves another man. Made desperate by this situation, he kills some one. Immediately thereafter he suffers agonies of remorse, but it is quite clear that he did not strike in self-defense; on the contrary, he lay in wait for his victim. Proof of express malice, the calm, deliberate mind, fatally bent on mischief—these are the exact words of the murder indictment in some States—are perfectly clear. Well, then, he is guilty under the law and should be executed. If he were pardoned, he would probably never again commit such a crime, but to the end of his days be a productive member of peaceful society. Wouldn't it be better to excuse him and execute the dangerous lunatic? There's your problem. The law holds him guilty and excuses the lunatic. But we made that law, and we can change it at any session of the Legislature. Meanwhile, why abuse the jurors who, under the court's instruction, return verdicts that comply with that law?

As a newspaper reporter in my early 'teens I thought the plea of insanity was usually the defendant's dishonest grasp at any straw, but as the years, rich in observation, rolled on I became less certain. The court-house offers an amazing display of persons who are queer. Insanity is not readily recognized even there, though enough of it is on display to educate any keen observer. In this connection I recall an illuminating conversation with an assistant prosecuting attorney who was telling me of the many odd persons he met in the course of a day's work. "We used to have a stenographer here," he said, "who was a wonder until one day he got the notion that the other stenographers were framing something against him. He complained about it, and I investigated, but there wasn't a word of truth in what he said. About a month later he came in again to repeat the story with melodramatic additions. I investigated again. Not a word of truth in it. Then he quit. We didn't

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Loaves and Fishes

By STERLING PATTERSON

TO your true angler fishing is at once a stimulant and an anodyne. Place in his hands a wand of split bamboo, a silken line with its fragile leader, a reel as carefully constructed as a watch. Discover for him a peaceful lake fringed with spruce and laurel, spattered with water-lilies. Leave him to his pipe and solitude. It is Nirvana. As far behind him as a drunkard's future are the fretful occupations of the city, the brief alarms and excursions of domesticity, the insistent nickerings of the "stern daughter of the voice of God." He is as ringed about with peace as was Brunhilda with flame.

Long before cock-crow the angler had been astir. From the porch of his cabin, sprawling at the feet of garrulous pines, he had looked down upon the lake. How still it lay! The high and eerie cry of the loon pierced the darkness. Some small animal rustled in the underbrush. A twig crackled. The angler filled his lungs and went within to light his lantern and awaken his companion. There would be a companion. "Good company and good discourse," old Izaak said, "are the very sinews of virtue."

Soon a poet's dream of coffee mingles with the piny breath of morning. Eggs splutter cheerfully in the pan. Slices of prosaic bread become transformed into golden-brown squares of tangible delight. Bacon, crisper than a school-ma'am's greeting, completes the pre-morning breakfast.

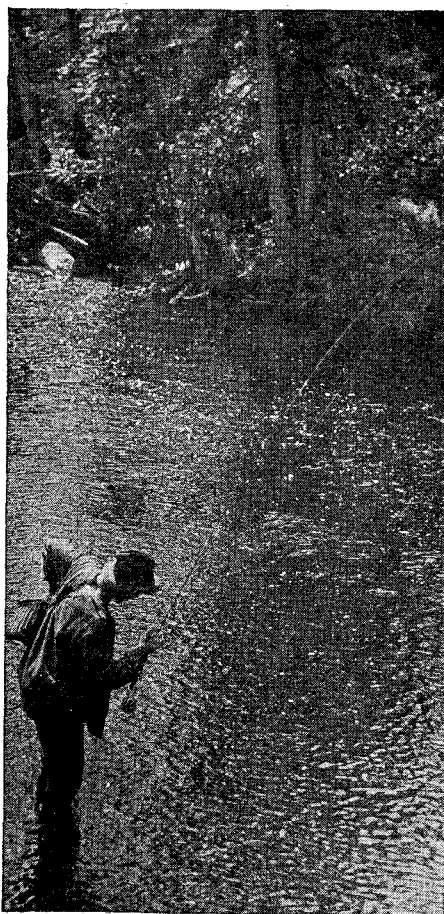
It is still dark. The angler, with rod, tackle-box, and landing net, winds down the mossy path to his boat. Behind the fringe of Eastern pines, standing stiff and scraggly like a three-day beard on the face of nature, faint light is showing. Stars are still out. The mists are lifting. Black as witchcraft is the water. And quiet, quiet. The chirp of cricket booms like bittern. The drowsy hills fling back the rasp of oar against oarlock.

"South wind, old-timer."

"Right, and a nice ripple. We'll try the Horseshoe Cove?"

"Drift down on it. We'll hook that old So-and-So that gave us the raspberry yesterday."

Carefully, now, carefully. No noise. Bass are shy for all their scrappiness. Down goes the anchor. The right spot? Six inches to the south. That does it.



Underwood & Underwood

Inches are important if there's to be still fishing after the sun rises. Now the other anchor. Easy on that rocky bottom.

"Can you cast to the pads with your fly rod?"

"Guess so; I'm giving him Yellow Sally. What you trying?"

"White Mouse."

Line speeds out. False cast. Back. Out again. The lure settles lightly, inches from a clump of lilies. Gaudy, unbelievable insect! A fish must be an awful fool. The water boils. A bronze fin shows. The line goes taut.

"You've got him." A meaningless running fire of comment. "On the first cast and damn well hooked. Watch him, boy, watch him! Don't let him get in those weeds. Judas Priest! Not so rough! You'll break your tip. Good boy! Here he comes. What a leap! Some fish, boy! Not too fast. Let him take line. Fine, fine! You're playing

him to a fare-thee-well. Steady, now. Don't let him get slack on you. Pretty. Get him up close. Here's the net. Take it easy, now. He may not be through yet. Attaboy! Landed. And a beauty, too. Three pounds if he weighs an ounce. Bass fish for supper, boy, bass fish for supper."

THE sun is up now. Bait rods are in order; bait rods and patience that makes of Job an amateur. Hour after hour anglers sit, scarcely moving, scarcely breathing. Perhaps you hook into a bass or two. If you do, you smoke a bit until your heart beats normally again. Perhaps not. It matters not a great deal.

I know. Every year I travel to a sparkling little lake in the Kittatinny hills to commune with such gods as are partial to fishermen. I, who swear at my cat for stamping across the rug, am a veritable statue for hour on end. My hands and arms are ready to take on all comers; but my mind is off on a flight of its own.

"How good to be alive!" my brain confides to itself. "How good to breathe, to watch the shifting pattern of light and shade, to feel hunger! I must be a little drunk with health. There's no sense in a grown man feeling this way. After all, a fish is only a fish. But not a bass. Maybe Washington Irving was right—'Angling is something like poetry . . . a man must be born to it.' Well, that let's me in. I come by it honestly enough. My father was an angler. And his father before him. Grand old boy, my grandfather. I wasn't old enough to have known him, but I've made up a swell picture of him. Quixotic, he was. Settling down in Louisiana to preach the brotherhood of man to Southern cotton planters. Fighting on the Yankee side, shooting at the father of his future daughter-in-law, coming back to Baton Rouge to preach and farm. A good farmer, I'll bet! There's a wheat named after him—the first grown in Louisiana. Wonder if any one tries to grow it now. Six feet four. Always gave the impression of stooping under doors. Never looked at home in the house. And strong. They tell me if a mule got sassy he'd grab it around the middle, lift it off its feet, and

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Fame While It's Hot

LO, the poor newspaper reporter! His present-day status is comparable to that attributed to the American Indian. He may not be gone, but he's going.

"The Village, hell!" snorted one member of the New York species. "Move to Greenwich Village? Not me. I'm going to live on Park Avenue inside of three years."

The opening vistas had him in hysteria. He would leave newspaper reporting, or any other newspaper work, and go where all good young reporters go, where the really big money grows handily on every typewriter able to click off copy. He would go into "publicity."

Even as this man was, an acquaintance of his had been—a ship news reporter on one of New York City's greatest "blanket sheets." For years this *confrère* had weekly been accumulating columns and columns of news copy about storms at sea, what the ship's captain said of the marriage he had performed for two "runaway" movie stars, what the chef said relative to the number of sardines consumed during the voyage, together with other columns setting forth the chief engineer's alibis as to why the boat was late in docking, and what Senator Peppergrass, a sheep rancher from the Far West, thought of the Venus de Milo. And then one day the apt young reporter told the general manager of a steamship line that the line's officials, passengers, and boats were missing much favorable mention in the periodicals, more especially the newspapers. History does not relate how the G. M. fell upon the bosom of the youth, or any other of the details, but, at any rate, the ship news reporter speedily became a publicity director.

Today that one steamship line pays him something like six thousand dollars a year for the free advertising he manages to have crammed into the press of this and several other countries.

Since he had friends galore on the newspaper staffs of New York City and State, he did not always deal direct with editors. No, as often as not he dealt with those persons who remained in the rut of ship news. These lesser lights clipped the nice copy onto the city editor's desk, from where it in turn found way into the printed columns. Finally, this procedure griped the particular friend of this story.

By DANIEL ROBERT MAUÉ

With everything from the shoe-button industry to the clergy proclaiming its necessity to the world, there is no longer need for any one to worry that fame will arrive posthumously. This is the publicity age. Press agents, and not editors, control the news. So says Mr. Maué.

Edward McKernon in his article "News Fakers," which we published a few weeks ago, took a somewhat more optimistic view of the part publicity plays in the press.

"I'm the man's puppet. I'm his damn fool," he screamed in telling the story. "I get his stuff into the papers. He gets all the money. That's the racket—everything's a racket nowadays." I could only soothe him by reference to his new Park Avenue business.

Well, with another friend, he would take an office on the famous thoroughfare; that is, the two would have desk space in some establishment, just enough space to get the address. Given desk space, one can function as a publicity agent, two as a publicity bureau.

As it is with the ship news, so it is with the financial, the real estate, the theatrical, the church, the sports—almost any other news. All of the newspapers, practically, to an amazing extent run into their columns this straight, or slightly reworked, publicity material. The percentage may go to ten, twenty, or perhaps thirty, of the news space.

A staff member of a metropolitan journal estimates that more than three thousand young women alone in New York City are engaged in doing publicity copy for corporations or private persons.

These feminine workers are, largely, the lesser fry. The upper caste includes the male "directors," the "personal representatives," and even the "ghost writers." (Space will not be given here to the procurers for the magazines devoted entirely to the publication of publicity items paid for by copy purchase.) With this horde of workers in the field reporting isn't quite what it was formerly. Leg work has been cut to a minimum. The prepared copy changes hands, or the mails and telephones come into service. Copy or messages give out just so much

as is proper—no more, for mention must be favorable. It daily increases in volume.

Within the past few months an enterprising New Jersey editor brought out a sample weekly "Publicity" edition in which he caused to appear little other than a few days' accumulation of free copy. "Effusions" from the type machines of several dozen different concerns or persons went into this "unabridged" issue of a small-city press. This "fried tripe," said the editor, "represents a tremendous waste of effort and ability."

Medical or manufacturing research councils, the association of pickle packers, automobile builders, the sugar-beet industry, army corps, fish and game commissions, candy bar manufactories, church and evangelical societies, political candidates, one-horse traveling shows, high-g geared movie companies and stars, universities, authors of treatises on everything from tailless tadpoles to birth control, artists, financiers, fish merchants, mayors, villages, sections of cities, cities, and nations—well, what or who hasn't a creature or creatures responsible for advantageous mention?

Any first-string publicity director, if given a few hours with his stenographer or typewriter, can plaster his product over the entire Nation. No mention is too trivial, no obscure village paper too small. Phinius Dillswingle, the noted lead-pencil expert, says nothing in an address before the Cedar Producers' Association. His picture freely spreads through the lesser press. Isidore Eisenglasser, inventor of the machine for making shoe buttons, returns from a Western tour over a certain railroad. The railroad notifies the newspapers. The newspapers send representatives to the specified hotel. Fortunately for the representatives, Isidore lisps, or perhaps has stage fright, and cannot speak; but the personal agent is right there with a nicely prepared interview on the future prospect of the shoe button. Much research may be necessary in the finding of something to say about the illusive shoe button, but it will pay in the long run.

Isidore, again, may be of sufficient importance to warrant a "personality" sketch. He may also be inordinately sensitive about a bald head. When an eager young woman calls, then, a personal representative conducts her to

some restful retreat and bit by bit, with a "You mustn't print this" about every bit, talks of his employer. Result: a genuine "success" story, but never a complete picture of a personality. It is simply taken for granted that the bald-headed one has such hair as could easily stuff the hide of Jumbo, the Bronx Zoo elephant.

THE newspapers at Christmas time run an "Interview with Santa." A department-store writer prepared the copy, and the store's name appeared somewhere in the article—appeared obscurely, but appeared. A police dog is charged for the murder of six fat geese. Eventually, the owner and a vaudeville house cashed in on the animal's name. The dog had a—let's see—it would be "personal representative," no doubt.

A young woman of my acquaintance has done much free-lance publicity for organizations about to lay corner-stones. She's the best little corner-stone layer in the East. There are, she tells me, few corners that she hasn't laid at some time or other.

Now a reputable firm of soap-makers, let us say, puts out a new form of cleanser—or at least something that sounds new and revolutionary. Some henchman of the makers calls on a publicity worker; and forthwith from this union is born an idea. The henchman furnishes historical material, the publicity person tunes up a story of cleansers from the time Helen of Troy first used them until this latest, most revolutionary form appeared, and then the conspirators trot out in search of some Nationally known syndicator of stillborn philosophy. The philosopher signs the story, whereupon a syndicate turns over much good money. The three conspirators now split the round number of dollars, go out to tea on the remaining odd cents, and then wash their hands of the whole business.

A prosperous condensed-milk establishment recently cut its advertising appropriation from \$2,000,000 to \$1,200,000. For the difference it made up by instituting a publicity department with an appropriation of \$50,000. It seems likely that the more insidious method of promoting a market pays best in the long run.

There are those, indeed, who predict that eventually the newer form of promotion will take the strong position once held by paid advertising. But to go on—

Notions and principles, too, must be publicized.

The Church and Drama Association of New York, for instance, spends several hundred good dollars each month that the good will between Church and theatre may be promoted. The earliest established church in the Eastern metropolis suddenly comes alive and decides to set aside two or three hundred dollars, or much, much more, to have a publicity bureau put across the church tercentenary. A college and seminary for women, back Pennsylvania way, calls in a New York expert to put out a sop to donors of a quarter million fund just collected from the generous citizenry. The contract specifies that the names of the donors be given prominence. Small wonder that the clergy has caught the modern spirit!

As one pastor explains it: "In my pulpit I may preach to no more than three or four hundred persons. Through the newspapers I may reach a hundred thousand—who knows, perhaps a million." He has some difficulty in convincing his committeemen that they are not "paying too much for advertising" his ideas, but he manages the appropriation.

Judging from the newspapers themselves, it seems logical to suppose that publicity offices or writers are actually dictating the sermons that shall be preached from the more modern pulpits.

Foreigners, even foreign governments as such, now go out for international mention—mention that will, it is hoped, ultimately sink into the American mind and pocketbook.

WHILE in London recently I suddenly appeared as a godsend to Lady Thomas Beecham. She conceived the remarkable notion that I and an item or two of favorable mention in the newspapers could easily procure from Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler and the Carnegie Peace Foundation the slender sum of £200,000—a mere million dollars or so. Lady Thomas hopes to establish an "Imperial Art Center" or something like that for the cultivation of Anglo-American relationships. The acting head of an American newspaper's bureau in London told me of certain stories he would do for his paper—stories designed to bring an American foundation to realization of the need in a certain London hospital.

Germany will follow the American method in obtaining both firm and personal public mention. Germany today will pattern after anything American. Almost as far away as Timbuctoo the American failing is known; therefore when the Governor of Rome, say, ap-

pears for a brief hour in the country of the Gullible, he must at once engage a herald to write of his approach and deeds. This cannot but have its reaction at home and abroad.

In Vienna, center of all that is Near-Eastern, the need for world mention of any sort has become positive greed. The proprietors of strictly first-class hotels make a practice of fêting all, but particularly the American, journalists. When I met an old friend in Vienna, where he served as representative of an international news syndicate, he told me that a journalist in that city could scarcely expect to avoid offers of publicity money from the officials of foreign governments. To another correspondent I voiced my wonderment at the hunger for governmental or personal mention.

"Hunger?" he said. "Why, the whole country down here around Vienna vomits propaganda and publicity stuff." We were merely using different figures of speech.

Where daily journals know no allegiance other than that given the highest bidder, where government officials from many countries foregather and forget all scruples, and where the aftermath of the World War left many desperate jealousies and heavy debts, there is abundance of copy for all—if the all somehow carries the message to America.

IN our own country, however, the crying need for favorable mention of the personal order has reached its greatest peak. Examples a-plenty!

A grocery clerk out in Snake Creek, say, conceives a paper shopping bag with cord handles and colorful pictures on its sides. After some years he has amassed a couple millions of dollars and a vast pride. Almost in one breath he recognizes his lack and his opportunity. He wants to make a noise in the world, a noise somehow comparable to that one of his bags might make if it were blown up with air and suddenly given a smack. He wants to write something like, say, "The Unpermanency of the Permanent," and have this printed under his very own by-line. He can't write, of course, but if a bureau could put out a story for him, well—The pause indicates readiness to part with money.

Rosamond Shodden Pike—as she must be called here—after having had three or four husbands becomes a self-made sort of person. Having ridden to the hounds, operated an employment bureau, doubled her money in a real estate office, written a manual for housewives, and
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The Lost Leader

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

VINCENT RICHARDS, in my opinion the world's greatest tennis player, did not represent the United States at Wimbledon, and our team, gallantly led by William T. Tilden 2d, lost. Vincent Richards will not represent this country in the challenge round in France for the Davis Cup, and I believe that our players, gallantly led again by Tilden, will lose. Vincent Richards cannot represent us, because he is a professional tennis player, and now is a professional tennis instructor. Granted that tennis followers will agree with me in my estimate of Vinnie's playing ability and leadership—and I think a large proportion of them will agree—the net result is that blundering has accomplished a defeat not otherwise to be envisaged. In the challenge round we shall meet the French—the young Frenchmen who have been pursuing the even tenor of their tennis way with less temperament than is commonly attributed to the Gallic disposition. And we shall meet them without the help of Richards, who can beat any of them at any time, either in singles, or in doubles, if that doubles team could be left to his own selection.

Canny, flashing Bill Tilden, rich in experience, a great player in the pinches from time to time, has been beaten once more by the cold-blooded and finished—and still youthful—Lacoste. With Francis Hunter he has been beaten in the doubles by that somewhat old and always dangerous team of Patterson and Hawkes, that team with the odd generalship based on Patterson's terrific driving and Hawkes's left-handed net play. With Richards in action, the doubles had not been lost against the very team that his clever campaigning shut down at Longwood some years ago, and it is inconceivable that he would not have been able to clear away at least one of the Frenchmen, whether the scientific Lacoste, the more superficially brilliant Borotra, or the machine-like Cochet.

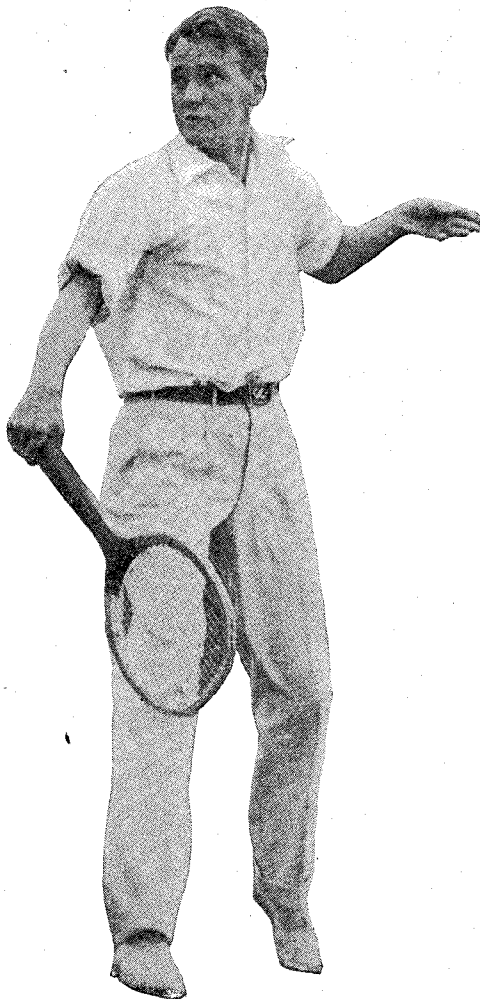
I think, had Vincent Richards been able to look into the years ahead at the time he made his momentous decision to go gypsying with C. C. Pyle, he never would have made that decision. I think, too, if the officials of the United States Tennis Association, men like George Ade, Holcombe Ward, Julian Myrick, and Beals Wright, had been able and willing to dip into the future, they would not have been so insistent on the player-

writer rule. We know, of course, that both Tilden and Richards had been tempted before. We know that they had some legitimate grievances. We know, too, that the responsible men of the Association were jealous of the uses of a game that had been rooted, time without end, in the purest amateurism. The result is just what? That Tilden avoided the breach of the technical rule, and gallantly set about building up a Davis Cup team in his own rather dictatorial, if efficient, way; and that Richards, in disgust, went along with Pyle on the road to oblivion along which Mr. Pyle leads all his athletes. And when the athletes reach the state of oblivion Mr. Pyle is through with them—as, of course, he should be.

Pity it is that Vinnie Richards could not take the advice of friends who knew

what he would be just now in the tennis world—how greatly he would be needed. And pity it is that Pyle came along at just the moment when both sides were doing their very best blundering. I still believe that had there been a concessionary attitude on the player-writer rule, Vincent Richards might have been our expeditionary leader—and a winning leader—today. In the case of Richards the rule was most exasperating. He was not one of those who sold “ghosted” stories of the day's play. I have sat beside him many a time when he was turning out his copy, and I know that it was good copy. Further, he had been a writer for a newspaper in Yonkers, and on other subjects than tennis, long before he had ever attained a reputation on the courts. Until he took up insurance, it was his profession. Tennis was his pleasure, and it is today. No amount of pay for his tennis play or his instruction can destroy the unmistakable amateurism that is in him. And yet our doubles team is beaten by Patterson and Hawkes.

It wasn't so many years ago that Richards sat up in a Boston hotel one night and planned the defeat of Patterson and Hawkes in sparkling collusion with Norris Williams 2d. Williams is, from the book-plate view-point, the perfect tennis player. He has denied that he reached this perfection while at school in Switzerland, yet one must believe that he learned at least something of his perfect style in that environment. The net result, at any rate, is that a perfect stroke by Williams is not returnable, while a slightly imperfect stroke is either out of court or in the net by inches. How to make the most of Williams's perfect shots and the least of his “perfect misses”—that was the problem. There was no doubt that Williams would have to play at the net. At first glance, it seemed reasonable that Richards should be there also, since he shares with Lacoste the reputation of being the greatest volleyer in the game. But here was the decision: “Williams is there to make decisive points or decisive errors, as the play turns out. He is not to be crossed by the left-handed Hawkes. He is to kill the menace of that left-handed position. As for me, my job is to keep the ball in play. I will out-Patterson Patterson, which will permit Williams to out-Hawkes Hawkes.” The result was a narrowly won victory, but a superbly



Vincent Richards

won victory. And now the team that Vincent Richards outguessed at Longwood has beaten our team at Wimbledon. Had Richards been there, I have no doubt that he could have won, no matter whom he might have chosen as partner. His generalship was better than that that had been handed down to Patterson and Hawkes by the two great Australian field generals, Norman Brookes and Anthony Wilding, and beyond that there simply is no traffic.

Now it is apparent, even at this long range, that Tilden was beaten by Lacoste through the Frenchman's ability to stand up better under numerous games that went to deuce—games in which the rallies ran into fifteen or twenty strokes. This is the type of game that Tilden can no longer stand. In the case of his aides—Hennessey, Lott, Hunter—they are simply not up to the French pace most of the time. It is just a matter of seasoning. In this concrete case it is a matter of leadership, and we have not in action the leader that we should have. It isn't that Tilden's game has deteriorated scientifically. But he has reached the age when he can no longer "waste" a set, that wasting being as fundamentally a part of his generalship as any of his strokes. Lacoste had him beaten at Philadelphia two years before he actually did beat him, and failed to get the verdict because of two poor decisions on the lines. Tilden himself knew that beatings from Lacoste, and sooner or later from Cochet and even Borotra, would also be inevitable. Richards, on the contrary, is at the age when he can afford to "wait out" an opponent, should that be necessary. In his present class, the professionals, he has nothing to beat, since the professionals, like Agutter, McNeil, and Burns, are primarily instructors, and cannot afford to take chances with form in order to make killing points. A little slip from form, and the usefulness as an instructor is over. So our lost leader now occupies the lonely eminence of an unbeatable player in his own class.

This condition has been brought about by what is, to my mind, a misconception of American amateurism. The leaders in tennis, whether on the courts or in control of the game, undoubtedly profit in a business way through connection with the game. Julian Myrick, for instance, does not have to leg it around to sell insurance. Dean Mathey probably has some bond customers on whom he does not have to call. Both are profiting by an acquaintance built up through sport. And yet among sportsmen this is not considered a blemish on their char-

acters. The best and most useful acquaintance in the world is built up through sport; but it does not follow that that acquaintance is deliberately made, with malice prepense, or with designs on the other fellow's pocket. There are men who are in positions that are not affected in the slightest degree by their acquaintance with sportsmen. They are lucky. And, too, there are youngsters who come out of college with the deliberate intent to capitalize their athletics in the business world, and the business world accepts them and thinks none the less of them.

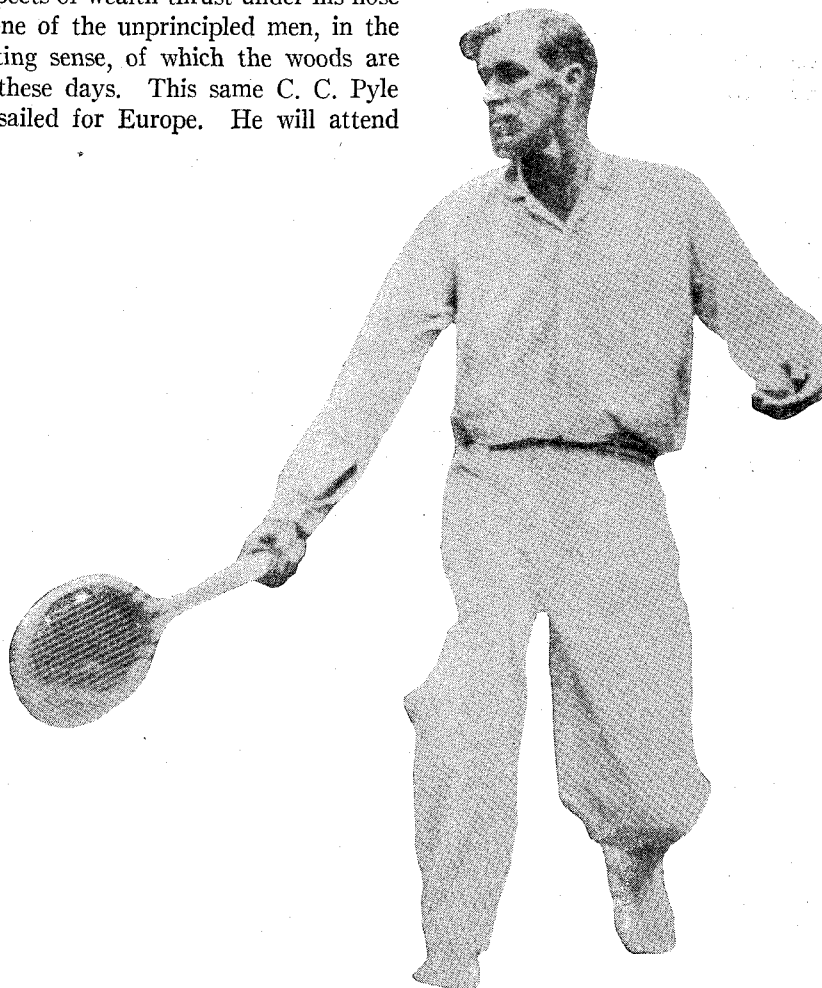
There are golf resorts frequented by men who want to get away from business for as long a term as possible. If, in such circumstances, the salesman and customer can prolong their vacations by doing business on the spot, why not? They still do not play their matches in a professional spirit.

So, in the case of Richards and Tilden, the former admittedly using his acquaintance in one line of business, and the latter trying to make what he could out of writing, there would seem to be nothing wrong. And there probably would not have been the present *impasse* had not the strange and delightful boy-man Richards had all but inconceivable prospects of wealth thrust under his nose by one of the unprincipled men, in the sporting sense, of which the woods are full these days. This same C. C. Pyle has sailed for Europe. He will attend

the Davis Cup matches, and no doubt he will angle for the winner. Unfortunately for his purpose, Lacoste, the scintillating French star, is far beyond the reach of want, and Borotra is a well-established and successful salesman even in this country. Tilden, having once stalled off the blandishments of a Hammerstein, is probably immune from any temptation save the stage, whereon he is anything but a remarkable actor, and the public prints, wherein he is an interesting writer on his favorite subject. There is a vast body of tennis followers who like to know what the stars have to say on the making of shots, court generalship, etc., and that angle of it seems to me quite harmless.

Well do I remember a syndicate salesman going into a certain office with the pen products of the late Percy D. Haughton for sale. "The only trouble is," he said, "that this man insists on writing his own stuff."

Blame attaches to Vinnie Richards for our fall-down at Wimbledon, and our probable fall-down in France. Neither was far-sighted. But the pity is that the greatest tennis player in the world has been put out of action without a shot fired at him across the net.



William T. Tilden 2d

Miniatures from the Life

Reputation

EVERY one remembers from childhood that warm, friendly feeling of trustfulness that came with the first sight of an elephant. Here was a beast bigger than the most terrible object ever encountered that would yet accept peanuts gratefully from tiny hands and was even converted at times into a mammoth pony able to carry a whole picnic of children on its back.

The city of Rome was aghast the other day when one of these gentle pets crushed the life out of her keeper by hurling him against the bars of the cage with her trunk.

At the same time tradition was dealt another blow through the Central Park Zoo in New York. There is a tiger in that Zoo named after a well-known political organization. Lately the tiger has not been feeling well. Day after day he has lain gloomily behind iron bars, gazing with a baleful yellow eye at little children, until it has seemed that he would like nothing better than to make a swift mouthful of one of these friendly visitors.

The keepers have offered him other food, they have taxed their wits trying to think up tiger delicacies, but the big beast finally refused to eat at all. When a month had passed and the tiger was still refusing food, the authorities became alarmed. A veterinary was sent for, and after the fearful process of tying up the yellow menace with great ropes, the doctor entered the cage. The beast turned his baleful glare upon the newcomer, but found himself helpless. For under that very glare the young veterinary cut three of those great claws—which had become ingrown and were the cause of the animal's suffering.

As the tiger watched the operation some flicker of intelligence and humanity must have been transferred from man to beast, for the great head struggled closer and closer towards this human being in the cage with him. Suddenly it dropped on the hand that had attended it. With a great purr of gratitude, the tiger licked gratefully that healing hand.

Return

MORE than seventy years ago, when the nineteenth century was only half over, a little girl of eight was living in Russia. Her mother and her father, who were Jews, made up her world. When they died, she became suddenly a

By IBBY HALL

small orphan in a vast somber country whose people looked at her with unfriendly eyes, hating the blood in her veins.

The dark-eyed little girl was solitary. She had no relatives—none except a few so distant as to be almost strangers.

Among the distant relatives was a young woman still caught up by the fairy tale of her new marriage. It was too soon for her own children. But the years were all in front of her, and she was little more than twenty. Nevertheless she knew at once that the first child in her home must be this frightened one. She would have her for her own—she would adopt her.

Soon the little girl was at home again. The strange air about her, so difficult lately to breathe, became once more familiar. Here were new parents and a new world, bright and hopeful. Soon came those others, tiny dolls to play with—growing into sisters and brothers—into big children.

And now the world was changed all over again. The little girl of eight had disappeared—she had grown up. She had a lover. She herself was to be a bride.

This second loss of home was not so sad, perhaps, but still it was a wrench. This was foolish, for was she not happy? And would they not be near each other?

The nineteenth century hurried on faster than ever for the child who had been an orphan. There were her own children; and her adventurous husband. She never knew what the next year would be like, uncertain even when it was really behind her. By the time she had seen fifty of them, all told, there was suddenly another ending and another beginning. For her husband had made up his mind to leave Russia. There was another country—America—where their race might be happy.

Once more she started out hopefully to find this new home. She said good-by to the old woman who had become her mother. Time was already heaped high between them—now an ocean would be added. They would never see each other again. They had learned by this time that life rushed forward with never any returning. Each woman looked long at the other's face.

In America all the days were new and

bewildering. Perhaps she was getting old, and to change was difficult, but this new home was the strangest of them-all. The thought of Russia hurt her like a familiar pain. She had left part of her heart there, aching at first, but gradually numb. Letters came seldom; then not at all. Her mother perhaps was there no longer.

The century was over. A new one rolled on, and with it the Great War. The thought of Russia grew to be a fear. The Jewish woman, growing old in her new country, could find only dread in the memory of her far home. Were they living—to go through with this horror? Were they mercifully dead? She would not remember them.

The war ceased, the new century climbed into its twenties, memories of Russia became dim. This strange new country held much for her race. Orphans were the children of all—old people, the parents. Fine buildings and endowed institutions had been reared to shelter the homeless.

It was to one of these homes finally that the old Russian woman made her last move. Her husband was dead, her children settled in homes of their own. She was close to eighty now, and had learned well the lesson of moving on. This home was in beautiful surroundings. Only a few miles distant was the sea—the same sea that separated her from youth and childhood. She began to tell her new friends about Russia. It was easier now to remember. The distance did not seem so great.

They told her one day, since her speech held so much of Russia, that she would be glad to learn that a country-woman of hers had just entered the Home; an old woman who had come to this country just before the war—an old woman who held so sturdily to life that she had seen nearly a hundred years of it.

The two old ones from Russia met and looked long at each other. Here, then, thought each, was a listener; one who knew that other land and those lost roads. They began slowly, shyly. Yes, the other remembered that! Yes, yes—with her also—the same spot—the same familiar names. The old eyes looked again—through wrinkles—through time—through devastation. Here was a miracle at least. Here was recognition.

"You!" whispered one; and the other answered, "You!"

The Outlook

Lively Summer Humor

IT takes something pretty lively to genuinely entertain New York these warm days, but it looks as if George White had succeeded in doing it—if one is to judge from the audiences which are gathering nightly to hear his latest edition of the "Scandals." So



far as we were concerned, we were completely captured in the opening five minutes; mainly, we must confess, by our first glimpse of a most beautiful curtain of blue which drew itself into artistic contours and curious patterns to the accompaniment of the prelude by the orchestra.

We don't remember ever having been fascinated before simply by a curtain. But this one did the trick, both aesthetically and intellectually. Design, come to life and followed by beauty, is the only way we can describe it. Its changing, vanishing patterns melted second by second into new arrangements and new designs, with the whole mass continually tending to disclose more and more of the stage, until finally the whole thing came to rest as a new dress for the proscenium arch—and we were enthralled.

Whereupon stepped forth a group of most presentable young ladies, who assured us in chorus that they knew what we were going to say: That they were not as good as last year. And the show wasn't either! But they recognized the challenge, and were inclined to ask us as an audience were we as good as last year? Whereupon appeared two terrible children—Willie and Eugene Howard—apparently reduced in age by a special operation by Dr. Voronoff; and proceeded to be as uproariously funny as anybody we've seen this season. And the new "Scandals" was off! And to a good start.

For an air of general liveliness and good humor seems to reign over all the proceedings in the Apollo Theatre this summer. In our mild judgment, Harry Richman is rather terrible and we can no longer, at this late date, remember just why Ann Pennington is

supposed to be any good. But the deftness of George White is so evident throughout all the dances and playlets and musical numbers that somehow these drawbacks don't make much difference to us. We will even retract a little on Harry Richman and admit that he was really pretty fair in one or two moments, particularly in Mr. White's version of "Strange Interlude," wherein the husband, the friend, and the wife acted their thoughts in a desperate triangle situation. The final remark of the husband is, "I'd trust you with my wife anywhere." His action is to shoot his friend with a revolver. Indeed, the discrepancy between the pleasant dialogue of this playlet and the dreadful actions of its characters presents a new form of drama which makes "Strange Interlude" seem very pale in comparison.

The prize moment of the evening, however, so far as we were concerned, came when the four comedians, each with a baby in his arms, sang a hollow sentimental ditty entitled, "The Fathers of the World." This simple piece is as good a take-off on our American sentimental attachment to Mother as we've witnessed in a long time. Followed humor and broad comedy in generous amounts until the whole affair became almost exuberant.

This is not to praise the whole entertainment, nevertheless. For it has some genuine defects which ought to be remedied. One of the most serious is in the realm of singing. It cries aloud for a Fritzi Scheff or a Gertrude Lawrence or an Adele Astaire—somebody who can really sing the music. We would even have welcomed somebody who could have made it melodious. Because the music in itself is very fair; or would be,

we imagine, if it could be heard. But as it is, the band brays pretty loudly and the exuberance that is very much in the picture in the comedy scenes is carried over into the musical numbers to their lasting detriment.

Indeed, for a poor scene done without any taste at all, sung per-

fectly vilely—with the exception of one girl—give us the Hall of Fame tribute to Victor Herbert, which Mr. White has allowed as the end of his first act. The comparison between Schubert's "Ave Maria" and Herbert's "Kiss Me Again" is a little obscure, anyway. But as done in the "Scandals" it is enough to make anybody weary.

The whole show, of course, is full of the usual acts, including such ones as the Mexican bandit and the girl, life in the trenches in Chicago streets, existence as it would be if every merchant in ordinary conversation exacted a credit line for his achievements, and, finally, a very amazing take-off on the Vitaphone, called, in this instance, the Vocafilm.

This is really funny—and, to us, seemed original; particularly when Willie Howard, sitting in one of the boxes, began to object to Harry Richman's singing as reproduced by the Vitaphone. And did it so vociferously that, to everybody's surprise, Richman himself stopped singing on the screen and proceeded to argue with Willie Howard in the box. Before the two idiots got through it was impossible to tell what was movie and what was stage, who was real and who was a screen picture, and, at last, whether the Vitaphone was speaking or Willie Howard himself, or Richman or George White.

Such ingenuity is rare, and the "Scandals" this year decidedly has it. For a good hot-weather show it would be hard to beat—except for one thing: The last act is nowhere near so good as the first. If Mr. White will only take this into consideration, there ought to be a steady stream of people going to the Apollo Theatre all summer.

F. R. BELLAMY.

Wall Street Likes Al Smith

GOVERNOR SMITH is, from Wall Street's point of view, the most acceptable Presidential candidate offered by the Democratic Party since Grover Cleveland. Perhaps, indeed, it is only the prestige that Cleveland's name has gathered since his death that causes one to put him ahead of the present candidate.

William Jennings Bryan was little more popular in financial circles in his heyday than Nikolai Lenine was in his. It was, in fact, the threat to sound money inherent in his candidacies and the resultant declines in security prices that are chiefly responsible for the nervousness always apparent in the business world, until this year at least, during Presidential campaigns. This nervousness persisted even when such adherents of the *status quo* as Calvin Coolidge and John W. Davis were the party leaders.

No community is without its band, big or little, of enthusiasts for Woodrow Wilson, and the war President has been canonized in not a few mighty financial offices. But, generally speaking, Wall Street men could not understand Mr. Wilson and did not like him, even when they were generous enough to give his Administration the major credit for the Federal Reserve Act. His advocacy of a low tariff was the specific basis of many objections, but the antipathy extended to his whole outlook.

John W. Davis left the office of a famous corporation law firm to run for the Presidency, and he knows extremely well many bigwigs who could throw stones from their windows and hit the Stock Exchange, but he probably did not garner many more votes in Wall Street than did James M. Cox, who was not taken seriously even by those who supported him on the League of Nations issue. The political situation in 1924 forced Mr. Davis to conduct a campaign of abuse, with the Fall-Sinclair-Doheny and the Daugherty-Miller scandals as his material, which his friends and the friends of his friends found distasteful. Whatever history may say about him, Wall Street is in almost complete agreement that Mr. Coolidge is the ideal President. Criticisms even milder than Mr. Davis's, which were not exactly scorching, were received with marked disfavor.

By
THOMAS H. GAMMACK

The anything but overwhelming popularity of his opponent is unquestionably one of the reasons for the high regard enjoyed south of Fulton Street by Governor Smith's candidacy. But there are others. In the first place, with the exception of one controversy which will be discussed later, he has never been seriously at odds with business, big or little. As for the tariff, he has already made it obvious that he plans no drastic revisions of the present schedules.

He has not, to be sure, Mr. Davis's broad acquaintanceship with financiers. He has nevertheless several intimates standing on the top rungs of the business ladder. John J. Raskob, Chairman of the Finance Committee of the General Motors Corporation and one of the biggest powers in that mighty organization, is the outstanding example. Owen D. Young probably could not be classed as one of the Governor's inner circle of friends, but the two know each other well and have conferred often on major questions affecting the business of the State. Many other leading financiers and industrialists also have had similar conferences with the Governor, and carried away from them an almost uniformly favorable impression.

Only recently has the country at large realized that Governor Smith is influenced greatly by a small group of advisers, among whom Judge Proskauer and Mrs. Moskowitz are the most prominent. Those who have been at all familiar with the development of the Governor, however, realize how powerfully this group has shaped his policies. The high places of Wall Street have been familiar with his development and have approved the ascendancy of these counselors over those from Tammany Hall.

The one occasion on which the Governor and an important section of the business community clashed was at the time of the "water power" controversy. He opposed with all his energy the leasing to private companies of the State's title to power rights on the St. Lawrence. He won his fight, but only under heavy fire. At present, though, most of the

leaders of the public utility industry feel that his position, even if mistaken, was not a really radical one. He was willing to allow private companies to distribute the power, but he insisted that the State should generate it and sell it wholesale. No one in the industry is apt to look with favor on anything that smacks of Government ownership, but this proposal won support from some utility men of the highest standing.

The "Wall Street Journal" pretends to have more authority than it actually possesses as spokesman for the Manhattan financial community, but its editorial columns give a fairly good idea of the reasons why this community will be asked to vote against Governor Smith. The obvious reluctance with which this paper attacks him, moreover, shows his standing with its readers.

His attitude on water power, of course, will be featured. The epithet "spender" will be applied at every opportunity. The Democratic candidate claims to have given New York State an efficient administration, but he could hardly claim that it was conspicuously economical. In his appeals to the voters he has virtually admitted as much.

"We need these hospitals, these prisons, these asylums," he has pleaded. "Humanity should take precedence over economy."

But the epithet will handicap him and his opponents will not be chary with its use.

"Democrat" is the other appellation that will be used most frequently to discredit him. The party's membership includes several great bankers, but neither their reasoning nor that of the ablest campaigner that ever lived could convince thousands of Wall Streeters that a Democratic Administration, under any leadership, would not be harmful to business.

Governor Smith has not made his first campaign speech, and the situation undoubtedly will be changed by November. At present, however, the metropolitan financial community likes him about as well as it could any Democrat, because they know him to be an able public servant, because they drink and vote wet, and, perhaps most of all, because they, no more than any one else, are immune to his amazing magnetism.

The Outlook

A Viennese Serenade

Vienna.

By EUGENE BONNER

THE "Vienna Festwochen," or Festival Fortnight, from June 3 to June 17 inclusive, might just as well have been called the Schubert-Strauss Festival, as, while other music has, of course, been heard, the compositions of the two above-mentioned composers have quite dominated both the concert and, in the case of Strauss, the operatic programs.

Which, under the circumstances, is entirely as it should be, this being the Schubert centenary year, which is being celebrated in one way or another throughout Europe, while Richard Strauss has taken this season to launch his very newest opera, "Die ägyptische Helena," in Dresden, to be followed five days later by its production here in Vienna, all of which has been previously discussed.

In connection with the Schubert festivities, preparations are now well under way for the great commemorative choral festival, lasting three days, to be given here beginning July 19. It is to take place in a great hall specially arranged in the Prater, the beautiful public park of Vienna. There will be seating arrangements for more than seventy thousand people in the audience and thirty thousand on the podium, or platform, arranged for the singers, making a seating capacity of over a hundred thousand altogether.

Singing societies from all parts of Austria and Germany are coming to take part, different societies being assigned for the various programs. It is estimated that over one hundred and fifty thousand singers will participate in this gigantic and unique celebration.

Having heard of the lost gayety of this famous and beautiful city since the war, we would like to go on record to the effect that if it was any gayer (that is, on the outside, which, after all, is what chiefly concerns the traveler) we would be

obliged to take a rest cure, and that very soon!

Among the many celebrations in honor of Franz Schubert was the unique "Serenade" given a few evenings ago in the Josefsplatz, the program being offered by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra in conjunction with the chorus from the Staatsoper under the direction of the eminent conductor of that institution, Franz Schalk.

The Josefsplatz is the irregular square formed by that part of the Hofburg (the former imperial palace) containing the famous library and great ballroom used on state occasions. This part of the Hofburg, dating from 1721, is built around three sides of the square, the other side being taken up for the most part by the Pallavicini Palace, one of the most beautiful in Vienna. The orchestra and chorus were placed in that part of the square in front of the main entrance to this wing of the Hofburg, just under the balcony which overlooks the Platz.

The night was perfect, and every window in the old Hofburg as well as those of the palace opposite were wide open, the huge piles themselves blazing with lights from the great crystal chandeliers, clearly visible from outside in the square. From the main balcony of the Hofburg, where we were fortunate enough to be on

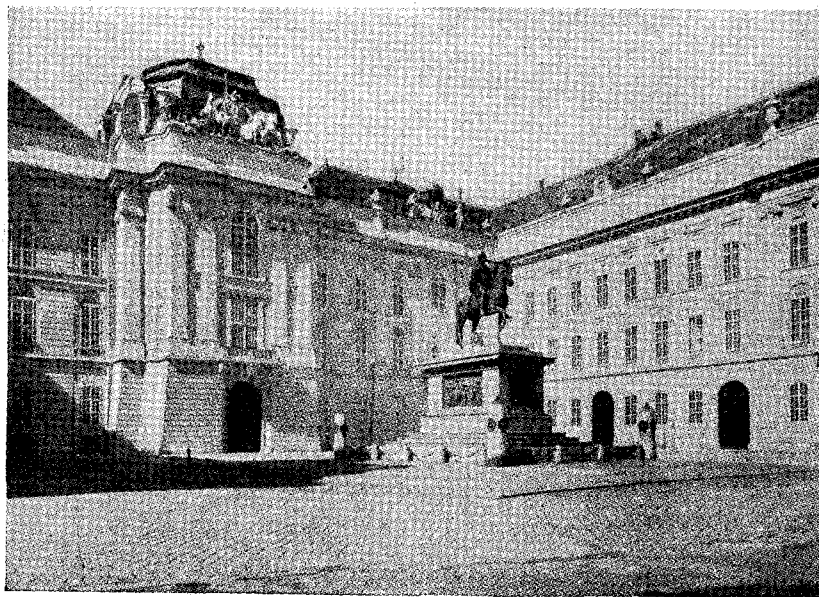
this occasion, the scene was more like some very perfect stage setting, or one of those exquisite old eighteenth-century paintings of a fête such as Canaletto or Guardi loved to depict, rather than a scene in this twenty-ninth year of the twentieth century.

The program itself, an all-Schubert one, was simple and perfectly adapted to the occasion. Opening with the "Overture in the Italian Style," the choruses followed, the first being a chorus for women's voices, "Chor der Genien," from "Die Zauberharfe," the second a chorus for men, the "Geisterchor" from "Rosamunde." These were beautifully sung, the stillness of the night and the unusual surroundings serving to cast a glamour over the proceedings.

The first half of the program finished with the variations on "Der Tod und das Mädchen" from the Quartet in D Minor. The second part consisted of the "Mondschein" quintet and the "Nachtmusik" quartet, both for men's voices, and finished up with a very fine performance of the "Rosamunde" overture.

Another interesting feature of this centenary celebration is the issue of a two-shilling piece with the head of Franz Schubert on the obverse or reverse side—it all depends upon which part you look at first. Here is indeed honor—a composer of serious music who for a time at least finds himself associated with the financial affairs of a nation!

Surely the modest, quiet, and bashful Schubert, cut off so tragically at such an early age, would be more than surprised, and let us hope gratified, if he could pay an impromptu visit just at present to the Continent of Europe in general and the city of Vienna, in particular, and see the honors paid to him after the interval of a century. Would his gratification perhaps be tinged with just a little bitterness, considering his struggles when alive? Who knows?



Josefsplatz

July 18, 1928



By W. R. BROOKS

WE have never said anything about radios in this department, for several reasons. For a long time we were just as bitter about them as every one else. We said they were a nuisance, that the artists and *artistes* who performed before the microphone at the behest of mouth-wash magnates and underwear kings were a lot of hams whose voices and technique would be insupportable if they didn't come from several hundred miles away, and that the loud speakers distorted the tones so that, instead of giving off music, these machines filled the house with foul howlings and chitterings that gave probably the first really credible answer to that vexed question, Why young girls leave home.

We were bitter also because our friends' radios have ruined many otherwise pleasant evenings for us. We are not extremely talkative, as a rule. But occasionally we feel that we have something to say, the words are put into our mouth, the divine afflatus fills us—and just as we get well under way our host invariably turns on the radio. "Sorry, old man," he says. "You can tell us that later. I want to hear the Peruna Hour. They have a swell program." Of course you can't shout against a radio. Your best *mots* are whirled away in a furious shrieking of static. And if it isn't the Peruna Hour, it's the Lydia Pinkham Symphony Orchestra or the Pipe and Foundry Quartet.

Another reason for not mentioning radios was that we don't know anything about them. But that really wouldn't

have restrained us, all by itself, as you, if you read these maunderings, have found out. We can write, we believe, about anything, and we defy you to discern whether we know anything about it or not.

But recently a radio was put in this office for a time, and, as one of the political Conventions was on, we went in to listen to the roar of the bull-voiced politicians deciding whether the helm of the ship of state should be put hard down, held steady, or just pulled out by the roots and thrown overboard. And we were surprised at the excellence of the reproduction. We listened without pain or disgust—that is, such pain and disgust as we felt were no fault of the machine—and were forced to admit that the distortion of tone of which we had always complained had been reduced to a very unimportant minimum.

So we decided that maybe we were wrong. That happens to us more often than you, with your touching confidence in us, might believe. So we glanced over a list of the radio programs, and discovered that our pronouncements about these too had been exaggerated. And then we went and cornered a man who knows all about radios, and made him tell us which, in his opinion, were the best, and why.

He gave us the names of four. First, the Fada. This company, he said, had gone into the business heavily on the engineering side. The result was high all-around efficiency and great fidelity of tone.

Next, the Atwater-Kent. These radios

are fool-proof and will work anywhere. They are a sturdy, reliable machine for the man who doesn't know and doesn't want to know why the things he listens to come to him.

Then the Grebe Synchrophase. These are built with a meticulous German thoroughness.

Lastly, the Radiola, made by the Radio Corporation, which controls the patent situation in the radio field. The machines are efficient, and there is a nice choice in the varieties of cabinetwork and price.

We asked about the radios that do without batteries, simply plugging into a light socket. These, it seemed to us, would be a very good thing if they were practical, since they do away with the necessity of replacing and recharging batteries—a task over which we have heard even the most confirmed radio enthusiasts use evil words. But he said that they hadn't yet been brought to the degree of perfection that would justify getting one and expecting it to work continuously and efficiently. Any one who wants one of them should select it with the greatest care, and should give it a careful try-out before buying.

We couldn't think of any more intelligent questions to ask after this, so we let him go. After all, if you know nothing about the subject, that is about all you want to know to start with. The rest is between you and the salesman.

ANY small boy who likes to play with lead soldiers will like the outfit which has just been brought to our attention. He will have found—as a number of kings are reported to have found—that the cost of getting together a decent-sized army that will be of any use at all is almost prohibitive. But this set includes molds for casting soldiers, metal, a ladle, and several cans of bright-colored paint for putting on complexions and uniforms. There are molds for animals, cannon, landscapes, and for a hundred different soldiers. Any number of soldiers, of course, can be turned out from one mold, and a boy of eight can manage it. He will probably burn his fingers, but he will burn them anyway, somehow, and he might as well have a good time doing it.

FOR solitary fiends—we used to be one, but we've recovered—there is a very good lap table which is square when folded, oblong when open, with a scallop cut to fit snugly in the lap. It is lined with colored moiré silk that makes pockets to hold the cards.

The Outlook

The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

End of the First Half

THE initial—or, call them the first—six months of 1928 have witnessed some arresting developments in the art of the motion picture. Perhaps the first happening of note was the definite establishment of Emil Jannings as a Hollywood fixture, and a successful one. Mr. Jannings followed his first American-made film, "The Way of All Flesh," with a second artistic and box-office hit, "The Last Command," and proved beyond all question that he can be just as effective under a eucalyptus tree as ever he was in the heart of the Hartz Mountains.

"The Way of All Flesh," produced last year, was remarkable in that its director had never done anything to write home about; and yet Jannings has seldom been better directed than in his Hollywood debut, and much of the credit for "The Way of All Flesh" is due the man behind the megaphone—Victor Fleming is the name.

This might have been merely a lucky break; it remained for "The Last Command" to prove that it was nothing of the sort. For Jannings showed in "The Last Command" that varying climatic or directorial conditions were but gossamer burdens for his shoulders. That his third offering, "The Street of Sin," was pretty painful detracts in no way from his personal glory. It was just a mishap, that's all.

The next event of the budding year was D. W. Griffith's "Drums of Love," in which Lionel Barrymore outdid himself and Mr. Griffith on his part made up for some pretty unproductive years. Some there were who thought this picture top-heavy and overly pretentious; perhaps it was. But it was good entertainment.

Less commendable in this regard was the William Fox feature output. From "Four Sons" up to and including "Fazil," this intelligent and highly organized film factory bore down far too hard on sentimentality. "Mother Machree," the least promising of the lot, turned out, in our opinion, to be the best; but it, too, carried sentiment to the danger-point rather too often. Following "Fazil" Mr. Fox put on "The Red Dance," in which Raoul Walsh gave more than a hint of the ability he showed in "What Price Glory?" The result should be placed at



the head of the list of Fox feature offerings for this year.

In addition to the big ones, the following program pictures—all good—are to be credited to William Fox: "Dressed to Kill," "Hangman's House," "The Escape," and George Bernard Shaw's Movietone appearance.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "The Trail of '98" was outstanding for its scenic effects and epic magnitude. To our mind, it was a grand picture, although critical opinion varied no little on its excellence as melodrama. "The Man Who Laughs" was a masterpiece of screen adaptation, acting, and direction. Universal made it, with Paul Leni directing and Conrad Veidt in the title rôle.

In the comedy field there were "The Circus," "Speedy," "Steamboat Bill, Jr.," and "Partners in Crime," and we feel inclined to add another which, while it can't be ranked with the four above, still deserves special notice; we refer to "The Big Noise" with Chester Conklin.

Jack Barrymore in "Tempest," the Sovkino achievement "The End of St. Petersburg," "Simba," "The Drag Net," "Skyscraper"—all these were worthy of practically unqualified commendation, and this brings us to "Dawn."

After the soberest sort of reflection, this department has decided that we liked "Dawn" better than any picture we have seen since "Sunrise." Since we have already gone into our reasons for liking it, and since these reasons were set forth in a very recent issue of The Outlook, we shall not repeat them here. But we do hope you'll get a chance to see "Dawn"—the best picture of the first half of the year 1928.

Of the talking pictures of this interval

no mention need be made other than to call attention to the enormous possibilities they suggest. None of them has been worthy of serious consideration as a motion picture. In only one of them ("The Lion and the Mouse") has an actor appeared (Lionel Barrymore) who was able to give us a hint of what to expect when voice culture hits Hollywood. But a hint he certainly gave us, and a powerful hint, too. We beg leave of the Warner Brothers to renew our congratulations to them on their courage and tenacity in the exploitation of a new kind of amusement.

"The Michigan Kid"

IRVIN WILLAT has introduced into "The Michigan Kid" one of the most convincing double-exposure sequences ever screened. The three principals of this Rex Beach story are shown tearing along a foaming river in a canoe, escaping from the inevitable forest fire. They shoot rapids, duck falling trees, and finally go over a waterfall; and the thing is wonderfully well done. Not a trace is to be seen of those luminous edges which customarily surround high-priced movie stars in perilous situations. Except that you feel reasonably sure Conrad Nagel and Renée Adorée wouldn't be risked in any such fashion, even if they were agreeable, you might well believe it was all genuine.

Unfortunately for the general effect of "The Michigan Kid," Mr. Willat has nullified this big scene by leaning too heavily on meaningless detail in other parts of the picture. He seemed to be put to it to make the story hold out for the requisite number of reels—something which is difficult to understand, since the said story was written by the voluminous Mr. Beach. But it isn't such a bad picture—not by any means.

"The Big Killing"

THERE are many funny things in this Beery-Hatton comedy, and there is also a good deal of cruelly forced humor. The comical fellows appear as two side-show fakers who get mixed up in a mountain feud, and the idea is funny enough to make one wish that all concerned hadn't tried so desperately hard to extract more humor from it than had originally been put there. This is the last Beery-Hatton picture, we are told; we, for one, will bear up as best we can.

Alcohol and Human Life

(Continued from page 453)

cirrhosis is always associated with a long and continuous and excessive indulgence in alcoholic beverages. One thing is certain, however, that the particular form of cirrhosis associated with alcoholic ingestion is a relatively rare disease either among drunkards or in the general population. Heron found only two doubtful cases of cirrhosis of the liver among all the inmates of inebriate reformatories in England during two years, while Formad found only six examples in 250 autopsies on confirmed drunkards. Space will not here permit any consideration of the other diseases, such as neuritis and delirium tremens, associated with alcohol. I believe the evidence for such causative association is quite complete.

The question arises, though, whether a moderate indulgence which is probably physically harmless does not lead to excessive indulgence which is not so harmless. It is a perfectly fair question, and one entirely proper for scientific inquiry, because the one thing a scientific inquirer does not want to do is to take sides or leave uninvestigated any aspect of his question. The only difficulty here is that there is absolutely no opportunity to answer it because there is available nothing resembling data with which to work. Most opinions on the subject would, I judge, be in the affirmative. But it would be only opinion. My own opinion is that when a man or woman uses alcoholic drinks at all, usually at some time in life the indulgence becomes excessive. This period in life is apt to be between the ages of thirty-five and forty-five. That is more or less the zero hour of existence; the hopes and ideals of youth have been either frustrated or satisfied, the stress period of fatherhood and motherhood is over, and the spirit is restless for a new activity; frequently this activity is simulated by alcoholic excitement. After forty-five new interests arise or a new calm occurs, and quite gradually and imperceptibly the daily amount of alcohol, if daily quota was used, or the depth and frequency of sprees is cut down, and with rare exceptions the drinker after fifty is a very moderate drinker. This, however, is plainly an opinion, and limited so far as its scientific value goes by the question of how accurate or representative my observations are. Obviously, its elements render it necessarily far more complex than the other problems we examined, complicated as we found them to be.

How much more complicated, then, must be such questions as the effect of

alcohol on crime, on economic distress, on industry, and so forth! There is no reason why these questions cannot be settled by the methods of science, save that in all problems in social science the reliability of the data is always under suspicion. They are, however, only remotely related to the problem I have set myself, which, as I have so often repeated, is a problem in natural science. And in natural science we have no constituents, and no juries, and no clients, and no parishioners. The problems of science are not settled by majority vote.

Do Juries Make You Tired?

(Continued from page 460)

see him again for three months; then, one day, he came in, looking kind of wild-eyed, and said that people on the streets were making fun of him. He said the people hissed at him as he passed them and that the drivers of automobiles honked their horns at him just to make him miserable. Can you beat it? Talk about queer ones! We get 'em here in the court-house!" Now, I make no pretensions to being an alienist, but I have heard many of these gentry testify on the witness-stand, and most of them seemed to be honest men. Taking what I learned from them as a basis, I judge that this stenographer was suffering from a clear case of delusions. He had gone crazy. Perhaps it was merely a nervous breakdown; I don't know; I never met the man in question. But what interested me was that an assistant prosecutor coming in contact with border-line cases probably once a week at least didn't have the slightest suspicion that this stenographer had lost his reason. He may have been dangerous, too; I don't know.

Since that day I have never scoffed at a plea of insanity. I am convinced that a great many criminals are insane; that hundreds of them are serving terms because their insanity was not recognized; that thousands of border-line cases are walking the streets today when they ought to be under treatment, perhaps under restraint. The public simply doesn't know much about insanity. The result is that only a few defendants are fortunate enough to be able to claim the law's mercy. It is the others who arouse my emotions, not those who escape execution. We ought not to be such hypocrites on this subject—either we desire to extend mercy or we don't. It is strictly up to us. If the people wish to hold the lunatics accountable for their deeds, it is all right with me; but if they don't, then they ought not to be so bitterly critical of jurors who return ver-

dicts that perfectly conform to the State laws.

One of our most striking peculiarities as jurors in murder cases is that we are unable to visualize the dead person. We see the defendant before us; he is a living, suffering, hoping human being, and it is within our power to stop his breathing and close his eyes forever. Horrible thought! But the person whose breathing and hoping and loving he forever stopped is not before us except as a shadowy, disembodied name. If we felt instinctive horror at the mere thought of homicide, that corpse would be very much before us; but we do not approach the case from any such angle. If it were possible for the murdered to rise just long enough to go on the witness-stand and say: "I am the one who was killed. I was also throbbing with life until struck down. Now I must return to my grave to become worm's meat," I think the percentage of convictions would rise enormously. However, the percentage could treble and still be nothing much to write home about.

Whatever else may be said in derogation of our criminal courts, we have very little malicious prosecution, but the fear of it is ever present in the minds of jurors. Tradition, in marked contrast to the record, says that many innocent men face trial as a result of the wicked machinations of their enemies. So sturdy is this legend that if the bereaved family of a murdered man employs special counsel to assist the prosecutor they are much more likely to cause the defendant's acquittal even though he appears at the bar of justice with three or four lawyers. Prosecution is viewed with suspicion. Likewise the unsupported testimony of peace officers will seldom be accepted. Even a written and signed confession is worth scarcely anything at all before a jury; it merely helps the officers develop their case. Apparently we live in almost hysterical terror of being "railroaded" to the gallows or penitentiary by a "frame-up." And yet in our calmer moments we know that the "frame-up" is nearly always the other way round. So-and-So did thus and thus, but influence was brought to bear and the case was dropped. These are the cases we actually know about, but in the jury-box we are on guard against hobgoblins. The plain truth of the matter is that we have an almost insuperable objection to convicting anybody if we can get out of it and we wait eagerly for any excuse the defendant's counsel can suggest. At the same time we want the law upheld, the public safety protected, and criminality suppressed. But the other fellow must do it. If he doesn't, he makes us sick.

The Outlook

Chased by a Privateer

A Tale for Children

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS¹

Illustrated by Arnold Hall

IN the days when a three-masted schooner was a big vessel, Louise's father, Captain Crowell, sailed the route from New York to South Africa and the West Indies, carrying "bread stuff" and bringing back sugar, molasses, and coffee. Until Louise came, stanch little Mother always shared these trips; she had crossed the equator eighteen times, and her small girl never tired of hearing of the beautiful West Indian drives, the houses built around an inner court (so different from New England's "painted white with green blinds"), breakfast in bed and dinner in the cool of the evening, the fun-loving people—all pictures of an enchanted existence to a little native Cape Codite.

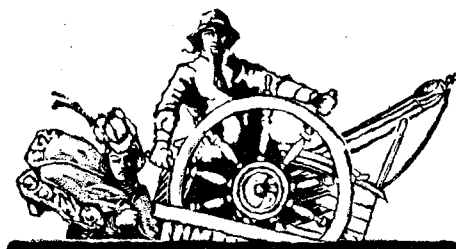
When his vessel was wrecked on Nantucket Shoals and baby care kept Mother at home, Father retired, but Louise's childhood was enriched by the adventures of her parents' younger days. Long after she was too old to sit on Father's knee she loved to shiver over this story of Civil War perils.

Chased by a Privateer

As remembered by Louise Crowell Earley

I WAS a young fellow just making my way and captain of the brig Scotland, when we were ordered to Buenos Aires with a cargo. The Civil War was going on, to be sure, but neither your mother nor I thought much of the danger. She just said she had never seen South America and would love to go, so she packed up her best dresses and we were off. Our cabin was small but cozy, with an organ, your mother's sewing-machine, and a stock of books from the Seaman's Lending Library.

We made a quick trip, and unloaded and reloaded without a hitch. Your mother had been pleasantly entertained by our hosts who received the cargo, and I was feeling very pleased to have my crew—mate, second mate, cook, four sailors, and a cabin boy—all aboard half



an hour before sailing. That wasn't always easy, for one never knew when those rough fellows might choose to go off on a last spree.

Everything looked like smooth sailing, when on the wharf I met the captain of a Boston vessel.

"What's the news?" I asked.

He looked grave. "The South has been blockaded," he told me, "and their privateers are trying to break the blockade by capturing Northern merchant vessels."

This looked bad. I hurried back to carry the news to the captains of the other two company vessels which were to sail with us. We agreed to keep together until well up the Florida coast, then separate—the Southerners couldn't capture all of us!

I thought the crew had not got wind of our danger, but bad news travels fast, and the second day out I knew by black looks and mutterings that trouble was brewing. Those foreign sailors didn't care a hang for the honor of our ship and would stop at nothing to save their own skins. If they mutinied, we would be short-handed and in trouble.

They had to learn once for all who was master, so, ordering all hands forward, I announced there could be no turning back; we were bound for New York, and the first man to disobey would be put immediately into irons.

All this time your mother kept perfectly calm—indeed, I think her courage did as much as anything to shame those men into obedience. At any rate, there was no more trouble.

But as we separated from our other

company vessels at Port Royal and entered the enemy's territory, I grew very anxious. We kept a lookout day and night, and from dark to dawn we sailed without lights, taking our chances on running into other craft.

Just before sunset off Cape Hatteras the lookout shouted: "Sail to port, sir. Think she's a privateer."

I rushed for the glasses. It was a sail all right, and, I believed, a Southern privateer. I ordered on all the sail the brig would carry and took the wheel myself, steering even farther out to sea. Your mother said nothing, just came and stood beside me, watching until night fell.

Nobody slept that night. We all knew what capture meant—our vessel burned and ourselves taken prisoners. Your mother packed our sea-bags and put on two dresses—why two she has never been able to explain—first a green merino, and over that one I especially liked, a blue-and-white plaid silk with tight waist and full gathered skirt, yards and yards around the bottom, with embroidered collar and cuffs that had been her mother's. Then, in her gold beads and the brooch with my picture, her black mantle, and her bonnet with the little pink rosebuds, she sat calmly down and waited.

Meantime, up on deck, we were watching the strange light gain on us. I knew then she was a faster vessel than ours, and that, short of a miracle, capture was only a question of time.

About midnight, back in the direction of the privateer, we saw a bright flare.

"She's got some poor fellow nearer home," exclaimed the mate, and we all drew a breath of relief. But we were still not out of danger. Soon after sunrise we sailed through a pile of burned wreckage, and when at last we docked safely in New York the first news we heard was that a Southern privateer had captured and burned one of our own fleet.



¹The stories in this department are the favorite tales of various families which have been handed down to each succeeding younger generation. The Outlook will be glad to receive and to pay for any such stories which our readers remember from their own childhood and which are found available. They should be told as simply as possible in the language one would use in talking to a child. We should also be glad of suggestions from older and younger readers as to well-known people whom they would be especially interested to have Mrs. Davis interview for stories remembered from childhood.



Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

BAMBI," by Felix Salten, translated by Whittaker Chambers. Simon & Schuster. In the foreword to this charming book, Galsworthy, who has become quite an impresario of new talents, recommends it to sportsmen, and describes it as having, in galley proof, held the Galsworthy family spell-bound during a Channel crossing. We should not, personally, care to depend on it in such a crisis; but, having once seen a pheasant shoot in England, the crowding victims of which had been the day before sheltered and admired and fed on the lawns of the man whose guests now slaughtered them, we too recommend "Bambi" to sportsmen. The game battle which is described in it is horrible.

Children will like "Bambi," and those adults who can empty their minds these hot evenings of man-made turmoil and open them to the sights and sounds of nature. "Bambi" is the story of a deer—a direct, unsentimental, tender, almost humorless story. It is written in a style which is a model of effortless simplicity. Not to be compared with the "Jungle Books" and other animal stories which we all know and love, it lays, actually, no claim to competition with them. Granted that it is written by a man and not by a forest deer, it does not beyond that endow the creatures with men's thoughts or speech, does not make villains or heroes of them, nor clothe them with other vices than the will to live or other virtues than the courage to suffer.

"Bambi" may be taken as an allegory by those who are bound to find sermons in stones. Into it may be read the doctrine of the calm acceptance of life, expounded by means of the picture of lives bound to accept because they cannot conceive of refusal; or one may find in it the doctrine of the oneness of all created things, illustrated by the fact that the hunter meets the same end as the hunted; or even the obvious "live and learn" is there, expressed through the life of Bambi, who begins as a foolish fawn and ends a wise, benevolent old stag. Conceivably, it might also be taken by those determined to give it false weight as a mild little social satire, as every animal in it has certain foibles, just as every man has. For us, the distinction of "Bambi" lies in the very absence of the moralizing tag which ruins

so many animal stories. A book of so much charm should be suffered to rest simply on its merits as a moving and delicate little story of a life in the woods.

The Torches Flare

THE Torches Flare," by Stark Young. Charles Scribner's Sons. In "The Torches Flare" the story, dramatic enough in action, is nevertheless secondary to the style, setting, and author's philosophy. Stark Young, the accomplished essayist, handles his material to the best display of his talents as a writer and of his wide experience in the artistic circles of New York and in the

life of the South. And Stark Young, the philosopher, in the person of the narrator moves as a sort of Greek chorus behind the torches which alternately gutter and flare about Eleanor, the heroine of his book. A perfect example of the philosopher-essayist's novel, this one is concerned with the exposition of the belief, neither new nor unsound, that "capacity attracts," that the individual's attraction to himself of love and pain is commensurate with his capacity for drinking from those twin or, if you choose, identical sources of life. The story is a tragedy of ideals betrayed, and is trite as any story of ambition, young love, courage, weakness, and despair is trite. It concerns Eleanor (Lena) Dandridge, who comes from the South to go on the New York stage. She falls in love with a poet from Kentucky, the charming, talented, and insubstantial Arthur. After an unexpected stage success, she goes to live with him. As it becomes evident that the basis of their love is false, she goes back to her father and aunt in Mississippi, weaves the proverbial web of deceit and becomes tragically entangled in it. Her past finds her out in the person of a neurotic lad who kills himself out of his disillusion concerning her. Eleanor's honesty and sensitivity torture her almost beyond endurance. She dies a thousand deaths in expiation of her sins, and finally sends Arthur away and moves forward on the hard road which is the way of perfection for the honest and sensitive.

The first half of the book is interesting in its picture of the stage, as might be expected, but is otherwise disappointing. Young's handling of Bohemia is pretty bad. Actual characters appear, either under their own names or thinly disguised, and places, things, and people are described with all the topical patter of a chit-chat column, an unworthy business for so gifted a writer, and one which detracts to an unfortunate extent from the emotional effect of the first half of the book. But when the story moves South Young is at his best. Here the scene becomes as real, as moving, and as valuable as was the lovely scene of "Heaven Trees," Young's earlier and insufficiently appreciated novel.

Stark Young's work as a novelist is marked by the clearness of mind, love

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantom's Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pilot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd.

Fiction

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. Those who have not yet read this beautifully written story have a delight in store.

"Octavia," by Margot Asquith. The F. A. Stokes Company. This comedy of manners is excellent reading. Reviewed June 20.

"Brook Evans," by Susan Glaspell. The F. A. Stokes Company. This strong novel of three generations is marked by excellent writing and fine character drawing, especially of the two women in the story. To be reviewed next week.

"The Battle of the Horizons," by Sylvia Thompson. Little, Brown & Co. You will find this story of an international marriage capably written, and lit by flashes of wit and understanding. See June 27.

"But—Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," by Anita Loos. Boni & Liveright. If you enjoyed the first of these, you will find this almost as good. Reviewed June 6.

Non-Fiction

"The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," by Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. Almost every one will agree with G. B. S. this time; and any one with the patience to read his long book through will find it marked by his usual wit and wide interests. Reviewed July 4.

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. You will enjoy this charming and vivid biography. Reviewed February 22.

"Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing," by Samuel Hoffenstein. Boni & Liveright. If you appreciate light verse, you will find this the very best.

"Jesus, the Son of Man," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright. This is interesting, but not within the scope of Ludwig's particular abilities. To be reviewed by Amos N. Wilder.

"The Rise of the House of Rothschild," by Egon Caesar Conti. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. An interesting and valuable book which all readers of biography will enjoy. See issue of June 6.

of beauty, and discriminating taste which marks his criticism. And he writes with a cool detachment unmarked by the chill of bitter irony, and a warm pity unsmearred by sentimentality.

In the Far East

By

LAWRENCE T. GRISWOLD

"The Pacific: A Forecast," by P. T. Etherton and H. H. Tiltman. Little, Brown & Co.

"China and World Peace," by Dr. Mingchien Joshua Bau. The Fleming H. Revell Company.

"Within the Walls of Nanking," by Alice T. Hobart. The Macmillan Company.

The halt in the World War brought with it the alert signal for shifting of attention, and extreme attention at that, toward the Pacific. Europe, financially bankrupt, war weary, and painfully in need of commercial expansion, found that China and Japan specifically, and Pacific territories in general, were well worth watching. This with either a view to the protection of interests already established or with a view toward expansion of these interests. In addition, the vigorous imperialism of Japan as expressed so clearly during the war gave impetus to an already hurried focusing of Occidental eyes.

It is only natural that the jingoism only half expressed previous to 1914 should find full vociferousness following the Armistice. Multitudinous are the books written on the subject of conflicts in the Pacific, and many with detailed outlines of supposed events occurring in such an interracial war. It is gratifying to state that one does not find this here. While the book has a faint but unmistakable apprehension running through the pages, it is accountable by the logic of its résumé. While occasionally expressing the naïveté of the British soldier, the authors have endeavored to go into the problem dispassionately, and have arrived at their conclusions in a manner difficult to reproach.

While the economic condition of Oriental nations is such as to lead many people into the belief that war is improbable for a number of years, it cannot be denied that this forecast is one that may be closely followed by actual events.

"China and World Peace," by Dr. Bau, of the University of Peking, is in-



From "Bambi." Published by Simon & Schuster

Reviewed on page 474

teresting from the Chinese point of view. It would be difficult to label it propaganda, but the wide divergence in the respective statements of Dr. Bau and various Western commentators may be laid to inaccurate information of one side or extreme partisanship of both. One item that makes the volume worth while is a record of the unfinished Russian negotiations with the Chinese Nationalists from the year 1922.

Another book, "Within the Walls of Nanking," is one that may be grouped in this trinity purely because of the personal reactions of Mrs. Hobart to the incidents in Changsha and Nanking during 1927. The volume has not particular historic or literary value, but as the diary of an American woman's experiences during the Nationalist invasion of the central provinces it has moments that are distinctly thrilling.

Certainly the Pacific warrants attention. The condition of Japan is critical, and China's newly found nationalism is likely to precipitate history in rather startling degrees.

An Italian Novel

By MILTON BYRON

"The Old and the Young," by Luigi Pirandello. Translated by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff. 2 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co.

"The Old and the Young" combines a series of disjointed character studies with a detailed description of political conditions in Rome and Sicily prior to the advent of Premier Mussolini. For this reason, it is a good book, although, judged solely on its merits as a novel, it

is not without faults. There are, for example, entirely too many characters, and the fact that they have long Italian names and titles which are quite similar is very confusing.

The style, although beautiful, is involved and requires a great deal of concentration to be fully understood. The first volume is labored, but illuminated by occasional flashes of genius—of Pirandello at his best. However, this reviewer believes that much would be gained, and little lost, if the story began with the second volume.

It is much as though this were the first book

Pirandello had ever written and he feared it would be his last. It is crammed with love, disillusionment, murder, rape, arson, suicide, madness, and political and social scandal, with little or no regard for unity or coherence. Naturally, these elements cannot all be woven smoothly into one narrative in the brief span of two volumes. Pirandello has done well with his material, but this reviewer feels that "The Old and the Young" would have been a more creditable piece of work had the author limited himself to a single theme.

By the process of elimination one finally concludes that the principal *motif* of this novel is the story of a Sicilian gentleman storming and cursing his way through life in a vain attempt to adjust himself to his surroundings. An exotic and erratic character, it requires a broad and adjustable literary appreciation to enjoy and understand him. This story, however, is incidental to the book.

Pirandello, in the opinion of this reviewer, is never dull. Despite the confusing maze of lengthy sentences and involved descriptions that confront the reader through some four-hundred-odd pages, there is life—morbid, sordid, and distinctively unpleasant—but life. There is a tenseness in the dialogue; stark tragedy and grim emotion subtly revealed through commonplace conversation that counteracts the lesser faults of this book. "The Old and the Young," like most of Pirandello's work, would gain by being read backwards.

The background of this novel is based on the turbulent conditions existing in

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THE BATTLE OF THE HORIZONS

By
SYLVIA THOMPSON

"Not only is the admirable literary quality of her 'The Hounds of Spring' preserved, but it is more evenly sustained. The story itself is more convincing, more appealing."—*Boston Transcript*.

An Atlantic Monthly Press Novel
\$2.50 everywhere

Little, Brown & Co., Boston

Eat and Be Well!

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Rome and Sicily in the years preceding the World War, and presents a vivid and accurate picture of the first Italian "Fascio," the Socialist group which preceded Mussolini's "Black Shirts," and the political intrigue which prepared Italy for the iron-clad rule of Il Duce.

More Books from the Summer Shelf

"THE Fall of the Russian Empire," by Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., Ph.D. Little, Brown & Co. If we can read a book about the Russian Revolution, anybody can, and this one held our interest successfully. It is excellently well written, and by a man who has the proper temper for such work, a solid knowledge of history, a scholar's detachment, and an idealism which has survived experience. Closing as it does with the flight of Kerensky, the book avoids some of the pitfalls which propaganda, White or Red, has laid, and preserves a fine balance.

"THE People of the Twilight," by Diamond Jenness. The Macmillan Company. This is the best kind of a travel book, though few readers are likely to travel to the land which it describes. It is the account, simply told and lit by warmth and humor which somehow endears it to the reader, of three years spent intimately among the Eskimos of the north Alaskan coast. These potentially useful people are most forlorn, for they are doomed, unless the helping hand of the Government is extended with equipment and supplies, to speedy extinction.

"WORDS and Poetry," by George H. W. Rylands. Payson & Clarke. We admit peeping for this book, because we want it. Of the two things in life which have for us a quenchless fascination *words* is one. From etymological dictionaries to such books as this, any volume which contains in its title *words* can be counted upon by its publishers to have at least one reader. This is not the best book on the appreciation of poetry which we have read, but it is an excellent one, and they are not too common. It would not hurt teachers of English to read it this summer.

"CONTEMPORARIES of Marco Polo," edited by Manuel Komroff. Boni & Liveright. This contains all the material which used to be compressed into the addenda of the Macmillan edition of Mandeville, and is great fun to read. The travelers of the Middle Ages were about as dependent upon hearsay and

imagination as are most of the travelers returning nowadays from Russia, and, since their gullibility took other forms, their books are vastly more entertaining. None of the men whose journals Komroff edits had Marco Polo's wealth of fantasy, but their work is delightful. And all the "Black and Gold Library" books are pleasant to handle and beautifully printed.

"HOW We Got Our Liberties," by Lucius B. Swift (The Bobbs-Merrill Company), and "The Sanctity of the Law," by John W. Burgess (Harper & Brothers), are two books widely differing in literary quality but touching at many points. Just at present, hereabouts, it is possible to have one thing in mind and to wonder, concerning it—if we have got our liberties and just how sacred the law is, anyway. But Swift's book, written with no pretensions to style, is a picture of the march of liberty from the days of Magna Charta to the day on which the Constitution of the United States was adopted. He stops there, perhaps fortunately. And Burgess's, written by a distinguished scholar in an admirable style which augments its readability, is a survey of the attainment by man in law and order from the Roman era, and closes with a fine plea for a rational and just approach to international demands. Swift's book will please the vacationing lawyer who must stick to his last even when loafing. Burgess's will be a natural part of the study of historians, economists, and teachers of civil government.

"EXTREMES MEET," by Compton Mackenzie. Doubleday, Doran & Co. If you like stories of adventure, full of excitement and suspense, but balk at the atrocious writing which so often mars them, you may take this book up with the certainty of finding it admirable in style and sufficiently absorbing in content to hold the most wayward attention on a hot train trip or during a tedious day at sea. It is a rattling good story, well told, of Secret Service in Asia Minor during the war.

THE editor of this department will be glad to help readers with advice and suggestions in buying current books, whether noticed in these pages or not. If you wish guidance in selecting books for yourself or to give away, we shall do the best we can for you if you will write us, giving some suggestions, preferably with examples, of the taste which is to be satisfied. We shall confine ourselves to books published within the last year or so, so that you will have no trouble in buying them through your own bookshop.

The Outlook

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Naomi Mitchison's
Black Sparta
Harcourt, Brace

We are apt to forget that the ancient Greeks were people like ourselves, living comfortable, rather humdrum lives, involved occasionally against their wills, like ourselves, in great events—events which to them were not great or historically significant at all, but only horrible and disturbing. These stories make the Spartans and Athenians and the various islanders real to us, because Mrs. Mitchison is primarily occupied with writing, not a historical story, but just a story. The historical background is correct, the descriptions, the customs, have solid foundations of knowledge; but if there is anything ponderous it is in the foundations, not in the superstructure which the author has built upon them. Some of the characters—Pindar, Aspasia, Plato—are historical, but they too are real to us. Their reactions to things are the normal reactions of all of us, their words are the colloquial speech of all of us, not the magniloquent bombast of Bulwer-Lytton's heroes. And so, aside from the historical interest, the stories are worth reading. We enjoyed them thoroughly.

Wood Kahler's
Early to Bed
Knopf

Alden Brent went to Paris to write the Great American Novel. But there he met the devastating Countess Olishga Karpovna, and the pleasant life to which he had looked forward became a sort of emotional whirlwind in which he was caught up with Olishga and Tutu and Luibka and Boris and Bostroff and a number of other Russian waifs—not forgetting Dostoevsky, the cab driver—who were an inseparable part of Olishga's environment. The adventures of this group are intensely diverting—and something more, for there is reality in Alden's struggle to get away from Olishga, in his despair at the impossibility of making her conform to his ideas. Nevertheless their adventures will amuse you. Some of them are not exactly proper—but do you mind that?

Gerard Fairlie's
Scissors Cut Paper
Little, Brown

We have seldom met a more ruthless and efficient gang of criminals. It was well for the heroine that her two self-appointed rescuers knew no fear. They get dauntless and dauntless as the action unwinds. In the face of pistols, knives, gas bombs, poisoned darts from a blow-pipe, electrocuting door-knobs, and a searchlight with a green ray which

curls up, French policemen as if they were made of paper, their dauntlessness still pursues her, and at last, of course, rescues her in that mysterious villa at Biarritz where the gang has its headquarters. We rate the plot 3, the characters 3, the action 5, and the thrills 7 out of a possible 10. Not a bad average, really. If you start it, you will finish it.

Mary Roberts Rinehart's
Two Flights Up
Doubleday, Doran

When Howard Warrington, the young bond salesman, kindly sold a bond for his landlady, he didn't know that her husband was in jail, or that the securities which that gentleman had misappropriated had never been recovered. Add to this that Howard was in love with Holly, the landlady's daughter, and that Holly was being forced into one of those loveless unions with a wealthy society gent, and you hear at once the mutter of an approaching storm. But the course of true love gets all ironed out in the end. It's a simple story of nice people—and why not? And Mrs. Rinehart does know how to put a plot together—even if she hasn't anything very important to say.

The Movies

(See page 471)

"Across to Singapore."—Ramon Novarro and Ernest Torrence pulling nautical rough stuff.
"The Big City."—Lon Chaney using his regular face.
"The Big Noise."—Chester Conklin and some pretty biting satire.
"Burning Daylight."—Won't set fire to anything.
"The Chaser."—Harry Langdon scores a miss.
"Chicago."—Just like the play—this is praise.
"The Crowd."—A sad story, beautifully directed.
"Dawn."—The soul-stirring drama of Edith Cavell.
"Dressed to Kill."—The ace of the crook plays.
"The Drag Net."—Don't ask us why you'll like it—go and see it.
"Drums of Love."—Pomp, pathos, and Lionel Barrymore.
"The End of St. Petersburg."—Startlingly fine Russian production.
"Fazil."—Charles Farrell and Greta Nissen in something terribly phony.
"Four Sons."—It's a fine film, but too long.
"Fools for Luck."—Chester Conklin and W. C. Fields—but the verdict is "No."
"Glorious Betsy."—The second talking movie. Still not good enough.
"Hangman's House."—Swell photography, good direction, and good acting.
"How to Handle Women."—It doesn't tell you how, or anything.
"Ladies of the Mob."—Clara Bow gets a chance to act in this one.
"The Last Moment."—Good photography, but little else.
"The Lion and the Mouse."—Lionel Barrymore talks—making this picture worth going to.
"Love."—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. Recommended.
"A Night of Mystery."—Adolphe Menjou—just fair.
"The Man Who Laughs."—An impressive, entertaining picture.
"Mother Machree."—A nice, mushy Irish-American drama.
"The News Parade."—The cameraman and his adventures. Pleasant enough.
"Partners in Crime."—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in a darned good comedy.
"Ramona."—Scenically beautiful, but pretty syrupy.
"Red Hair."—Clara Bow in her big disrobing act.
"The Secret Hour."—Pola Negri in a good picture.
"Shooting Stars."—Don't bother.
"Skyscraper."—Thoroughly enjoyable.
"The Smart Set."—William Haines at his worst.
"Steamboat Bill, Jr."—Buster Keaton in a really funny one.
"The Strange Case of Captain Ramper."—Out of the ordinary.
"Tempest."—John Barrymore comes into his own. Cheers!
"Tenderloin."—The first (and worst) talking movie.
"Three Sinners."—Pola Negri in a bad picture.
"The Trail of '98."—The grandest scenes now on view.
"The Triumph of The Rat."—Ivor Novello and Isabel Jeans in a British effort.
"Two Lovers."—Last of the Colman-Bankys. Interesting.
"We Americans."—Mediocre melting-pot stuff.

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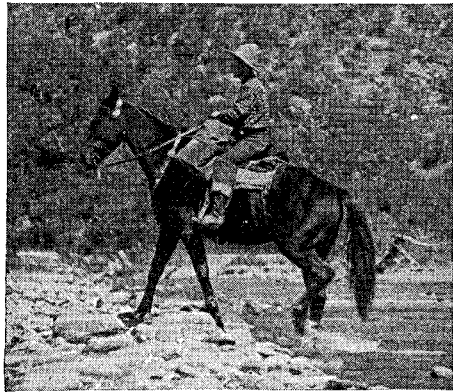
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Fame While It's Hot

(Continued from page 463)

accomplished much else, she suddenly bethinks herself of the printed space she is not having. Shyly she approaches the publicity people; suavely the publicity people approach her. Directly a bureau is telling the world about Rosamond.

Our murderers and murderesses, or others of their class, are perhaps the only Americans of today who do not want the personal attention of the press—leastwise, these are among the few who do not need to seek it. And as the public reads of the accomplishments, the wealth, and the life of the great, or would-be great, other individuals catch the fever and day-dream of what type can make them.

The partners in one publicity firm, in fact, are thinking of putting on their shingle: You dream your dreams; we build them.

Another lone operative likes to think of himself as a "Specialist in Telling the World." Others, of course, see no need of changing from the sedate designation, "Feature and Personal Publicity."

Institutional desire for publicity can be explained away more easily than that of the personal order. When competition among advertisers became too great, a new medium must inevitably find a market. The new method of increasing sales or profits is the more slow, as it is the more insidious, but it is reasonably sure.

Any thoroughgoing treatise on the desire for personal mention would become an economic and psychological history of the present era. In brief, we have the material accomplishment, we have the leisure time come with a machine age, we have the wealth. Under the circumstances, no person need sit and pine over the thought of posthumous fame.

We want our fame now, while it's hot, and beneficial.

WHAT, meanwhile, of the editor and publisher?

Poor devils! They have it put to them with each day's submitted material. Not all that is trifling is "tripe," for it cannot be gainsaid that out of these releases from press agents—call them what you will—comes much that is of genuine value to the reading public. The press relations department of a university, for instance, undoubtedly hastens into print much interesting and valuable scientific, controversial, and other data. Great financial houses, through special departments, aid in making the economic crush the more crushing. The hirelings for theatrical and music halls

attractively serve up a large portion of our dramatic or musical news. Firm or personal representatives assume generously the responsibility for fresh literary jottings. The writers of purely personal mention, through warm human interest stories, assist in holding us closely to the business of human life.

How now? Well, the editors and publishers must keep their wits about them. They must go cautiously in any attempt to turn the tap on this flow of material. Yet turn it they must, somewhere and partially, or shortly put a price upon space in their news columns.

Loaves and Fishes

(Continued from page 461)

fling it to the ground. Think of it—the runt of the family, the weakest of three brothers, doing a thing like that! I'll bet no congregation ever walked out on him!

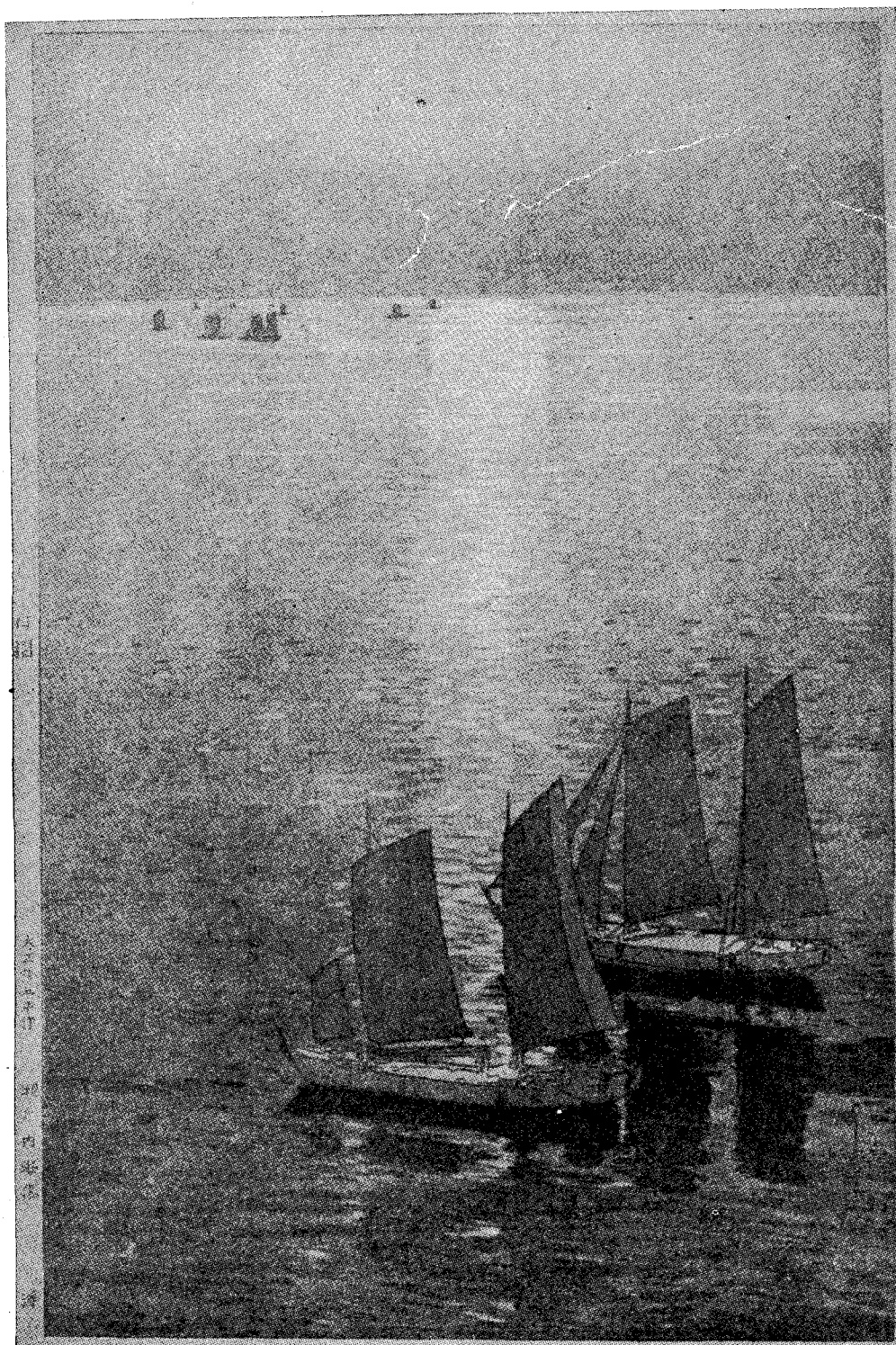
THAT's the sort of stock I come from. Pioneer stuff. Grapple with the wilderness, if you are sure you won't miss your train back to town. Wrest your meat and bread from the soil, provided there's a good restaurant not too far away. Bake your own loaves and catch your own fishes, so long as you are certain there's plenty of store bread and beefsteak in the larder. That's me."

So it goes—disjointed, without significance, but marvelously content. Hours pass, swift as dragon-flies. The sun's rays begin to burn. Bass seek the springs at the lake bottom. Anglers make their way back to camp. A meal, old Walton's "good, honest, wholesome, hungry repast," is eaten. Pipes come out. Talk goes round. You take a nap and smoke and drowse again.

That is living. When my time comes, I know what I want. If old St. Peter gives me a chance to pick out my permanent address, I shall just ask him to make room for one more with—

Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John
Smith,
Fisherman an' travelers, narreratin'
myth,
Settin' up in Heaven all eternity,
Fishin' in the shade, contented as
could be!
Spittin' their terbaccer in the little
shaded creek,
Stoppin' of their yarns fer ter hear
the ripples speak!
I hope fer Heaven, when I think of
this—
You folks bound hellward, a lot of
fun you'll miss!

The Outlook



From "The Woodcut of To-Day at Home and Abroad," published by The Studio Ltd.

GLITTERING SEA

A color woodcut by Yoshida Hiroshi